

The

# GRAIL



August  
1945

OUR LADY OF FATIMA

# The Grail

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## THE GRAIL

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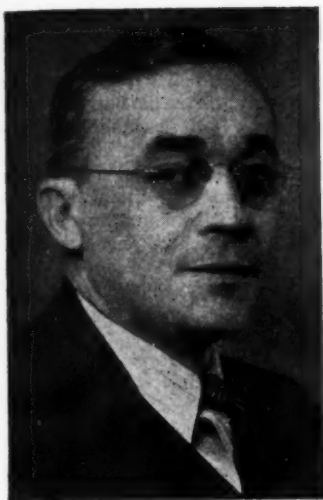
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# BETWEEN THE LINES

H. C. McGinnis

## *Education's True Value*



H. C. McGinnis

UNTIL about a quarter-century ago, the great majority of Americans felt most positive that American institutions were pointed in a definite direction and that, although they were as yet imperfectly developed, they were headed toward the proper goal. Today this feeling is rapidly disappearing. Millions of today's people feel that the American way of life is in a fluid state and that it may become almost anything. And it may, unless the nation can be educated in the true philosophy of life. Although this feeling of unsureness has been definitely noticeable only in the past few years, it took root further in the past. Its causes were born shortly after the middle of the nineteenth century, when Deism began to supplant true Christianity at a furious pace.

Man cannot know his social goal when he is ignorant of his spiritual goal. When man is not taught his true origin, his nature, and his final destiny, he cannot be expected to adhere to that absolute pattern of society which alone can bring true happiness and progress in a God-created world. When, in his formal schooling, man is left free to speculate without guidance as to whether he originated from God or from a

baboon, he cannot rightfully be expected to know his true purpose in life and how to achieve it. When he finds teachers disagreeing among themselves as to what is truth, morality, evil and, in fact, as to whether man is more or less a biological accident or has a definite connection with the supernatural, he is bound to wind up in a bewilderment fatal to living within the norms which society's Creator intended.

Christianity, history and science all teach that man is a social animal. Christianity teaches it because of the common Fatherhood of God, which makes all mankind members of one great family, mutually interdependent. History and science teach it because they have voluminous records to prove that when man is left alone for long he begins to babble to himself, becomes queer, and finally passes into a definite degree of insanity. Yet man cannot live as a social being in today's complex society unless his education teaches him the principles of self-sacrifice and self-discipline, the proper concepts of duty and of obligation. When a highly individualistic "self-expression" is urged upon the young in their training, and no effort is made to steer this self-expression into furthering human progress within the true philosophy of life and within the confines of the common good, society loses the aspect intended by its Creator and heads toward a polite form of anarchy. Unless man is educated to live within the immutable moral law and to shape his life so as to conform to it, and not to attempt to change it to suit his whims or alleged expediences, he cannot build in temporal society towards that solidarity which exists in spiritual society. When a nation's people are taught that it is the highest expression of intelligence for millions of

people to all tear off in different directions at once, that perfect pattern for human relationships, the pattern of the Mystical Body, cannot help but be torn asunder. But then, how can public instruction portray the pattern of the Mystical Body of Christ, when it does not portray Christ? Or, if it does make a nod in His direction, it portrays Him as the man-philosopher, a social reformer only, instead of the God-Man upon Whom all human salvation depends? How can education teach its pupils to live properly in a God-created world when it fails to teach God?

Millions of Americans rise up in wrath when the charge is made that the nation's public schools are Godless. Perhaps such a charge is improperly made, for the public schools do not, as a policy, either teach or support atheism, although the instructions given by individual teachers sometimes tend toward that end. But, as a product of the public school system myself and later, as a writer, a close student of its programs and activities, the best I can say for it in this respect is that, while it doesn't teach against God, it doesn't teach for God except, perhaps, in a very negative way. While in certain colleges and universities one can find many instructors openly sneering at God and religion, in the grade schools the teachers usually confine themselves to teaching the curriculum. The existence of God is generally admitted and it is also good; but in all public instruction He is an absentee God and not definitely connected with the school's part in training one to live. God and His goodness cannot become positive forces in society when they are taught in a negative way. While many teachers and pupils hold the proper conception of God individually, the God of the classroom is

Deism's God, that God Who exists apart from secular activities. As a result, the pupil's instruction does not fit him to properly live his destiny designed by a personal God Who placed him here for a very definite reason. Rather it tends to lead him to seek his destiny in something entirely apart from God's purposes for him and for all mankind. In fact, so far as the public school is concerned, the pupil is not taught that he has any destiny at all except a materialistic one.

**R**ECENTLY, thousands of public school teachers have joined their pupils in becoming victims of the textbooks which they are furnished. Over a period of time, the lack of a definite pattern of moral thinking and behavior to be found in most modern textbooks has caused a moral confusion and bewilderment in the pupil's mind which has finally come to cause the same things in the teachers' minds when they cannot understand why their charges act and react as they do. For example, the science teacher who teaches out of a textbook which presumes to speak with authority, yet confines its wisdom to the visible works of creation, failing to recognize the supernatural hand in creation, soon finds her pupils so ignorant of a First Cause that they become ignorant of all causes, including the cause of the teacher's authority over them. They often treat her as little more than a fellow-accident in the biological processes of nature. When pupils dissect the anatomy of a frog and have extolled to them the greatness of human science in tracing its life-processes, yet are not told that all human science combined cannot reproduce the life-germ which makes the frog possible, they get an entirely erroneous view of both science and creation. When they are not told that the life-germ which produces frogs, lies only in the hand of God the Creator, they cannot be expected to wonder why the Creator created all living things and what must be their own parts, as individual beings, in this world which God made for a specific purpose. Hence they are almost sure to come to believe that they, and all the works of creation, are subject to natural

forces only, giving no thought to the supernatural forces which should guide their lives and behavior. The day comes when they realize that the untamed colt and the fiery young bull are brought into submission only by human force and power and they begin an instinctive worship of individual power and force. Then, in history, they find the rise and fall of nations always evaluated by the strength or weakness of the physical forces opposing them, not their moral strength or lack of it. Hence they plan to do nothing they cannot be absolutely forced to do, and then only reluctantly. When this plan matures, they lose their social spirit and, as individuals, "get away" with all they can. This attitude puzzles their teachers, but it shouldn't. Teachers responsible for molding young human natures should know that, for instance, when biology sets itself up as the one and only teaching capable of explaining man and his being, pupils are not being taught man's physical existence in connection with his moral and spiritual responsibilities and that trouble is bound to ensue.

**I** RECENTLY have had a wonderful opportunity to study first hand, and very intimately, the differences between proper and improper education, between the complete and incomplete concepts of formal education. One of my daughters is what is usually called a "nut" in science, particularly biology. From her earliest high school days she determined to become a teacher of science and, on the side, an explorer in biology. Due to uncontrollable circumstances, she was forced to attend public schools. She had been taught from infancy to have respect for all proper authority, including that of her teachers in school. As her high school training in science progressed, it became very plain that a conflict was being established in her mind between science, as it was being taught her, and religion. Naturally she looked upon the writers of her textbooks as authorities and one thing was certain: these writers didn't recognize the Creator in their alleged "truths." These teachings made a deep impression upon her young

mind, for they were held forth as the latest intellectual triumphs. Although my wife and I worked valiantly to show her that each true scientific "discovery" is but another proof of the religious concept of life and that science is but another of God's ways of revealing the glories of His handiwork to man as he is ready to perceive and use them, we felt we were not winning the battle. The textbooks didn't mention such ideas. So the girl, reared to respect the authority of her parents' teachings and very conscientious in all her attitudes, was caught between two tormenting fires. However, we still had trump to play. When time for college came, we sent her to a Catholic university to major in science. Although she travels more than twenty miles each morning to reach school and has to catch a very early train, she, on her own accord, catches one 45 minutes earlier in order to attend daily Mass at the university chapel. It didn't take long for her to get on the right track, once the true relation between science and religion was explained to her classes by competent instructors. Now, as a future teacher of science, she looms as an asset, not a liability, to a proper social pattern. She is learning that man's puny intellect must be aided by divine revelation if it is to properly understand life's mysteries.

By the time three of my children had graduated from public schools I was definitely worried about the remaining two. Each class graduating from high school was, according to the principal's frank admission, something to be less proud of than its immediate predecessor. Disregard for all authority was becoming more and more evident. The "honor system" had died long before and teachers, victims of a wrong theory in education, were badly discouraged. Juvenile delinquency figures were rising furiously. Each day my wife and I had to struggle to un-teach our children the incorrect concepts of life which they brought home from school and their school-mates.

Finally we learned that a Catholic school had just been started about eight miles away. Transportation



# A Light Through the Century

Raymond Wm. Gribbin

"JOHN HENRY NEWMAN." Thus read the exclusive register of Dr. Nicholas's school at Ealing, and the sober name almost sketched the seven-year-old banker's son who answered to it. He was a small, shy boy, always proper and well-dressed, like your great-grandfather on his First Communion day. His warm, near-sighted eyes flashed precocity, and yet, no one called John Newman a prodigy, for his was an age in which an intelligent boy was still only a boy, and not a quiz kid. And that age was definitely not a part of our twelve-cylinder, neon-lighted America. It was the era of Charles Lamb. It was London, the biggest thing in Victoria's empire, complete with quill pens, sailing ships, and snuff boxes. The new hansoms clattered over the cobblestones and spun into Old Broad St. past the Newman home, where, on holidays, young John would marvel over the *Arabian Nights*, or dispense advice with the poise of a Solomon to anyone who would listen. And if there were taboos then, they included neither children nor religion. The Newman household itself numbered a happy eight, and all of them worked, played, and slept in an atmosphere starched with Calvinism.

Yet, it was not until John Newman entered Trinity College, Oxford, in 1816, that he got strong ideas about his soul and God. He was only fifteen then but the new certitude lasted, for he bolstered it with reading from Thomas Scot, and Joseph Milner, beside which a Dickens novel must have read like a Superman comic strip. Trinity demanded a strong intellectual digestion, and John Newman's ranked with the best. His was not a genius which would flash and then dwindle into obscurity like the flying lights of an Eastern Airliner, but over-work did cause his near-failure at Trinity. That misfortune convinced the elder Newman that

his son was not fitted for a strenuous legal career, so John dropped law to study for the ministry. To prove that the choice was entirely his own he competed for and won the coveted fellowship at Oriel, Oxford. It was 1822; John Newman was just twenty-one.

The old Ealing shyness had not left him, and John Newman faltered like a schoolgirl before Oriel's giant intellects, Mr. Whately, Dr. Hawkins, William James, and John Keble. But soon he struck roots at Oxford as deep as its five centuries of tradition. Along with Edward Pusey, most of the men who at first awed him became close friends. In fact, John Newman was so intimate with Pusey that he would not accept the curacy of St. Clement's without first consulting his friend. When he finally took the position it was May 16, 1824.

By this time, religion had become the loadstone of John Newman's life. He had lesser interests, and friends knew him as a musician and poet as well as an expert in Church history, but God and his own soul were the focal point of his whole life. Still, in these St. Clement's days, John Newman had need of balance. He suddenly realized that for him Calvinism was a misfit, and like the mighty Augustine, centuries before, he began to shop around for truth. Keble gave him some, and Whately, and James. The result was a patchwork, vaguely cut to the pattern of Anglicanism, but orthodox enough for the time.

Only after Newman left St. Clement's to take up the vicarate of St. Mary's, Oxford, did the new religious suit fail to wear well. His acetylene zeal cut through the hallowed pattern of clerical mediocrity as Newman packed the Oxford oratory with his "Parochial Sermons," spellbinding the most apathetic scholars of Oxford and Cambridge. His name jumped like a spark across England. But

was a problem; but by the end of that school year I decided I would get my two youngest there if I had to carry them back and forth "piggy-back." Such strenuous methods were not necessary, thank heaven, and transportation arrangements were discovered. This meant that the boys had to leave one rural parish, hop over another, and land in a third each school day, making a sixteen mile round trip, but the

results are worth both time and expense. The improvement in their conception of their proper places in society is almost startling and, of course, they are learning the religious and moral concept of life as chief parts of their daily education. As patriotic Americans, my wife and I feel that we are now preparing two future citizens for a proper American way of life; and, as Christian parents, charged by God with the

great responsibility of pointing our young to their proper spiritual destiny, we feel that we are now giving them their rightful heritage—proper education for the living of life.

Americans the nation over must concern themselves in the correct education of their children if this nation is to fulfill its God-given destiny. Education which neglects God ends in paganism and paganism ends in destruction.

Dr. Hawkins, dean of Oxford, saw it as a wayward spark and reprimanded John Newman for confusing parochial work with that of the classroom. Newman was stung enough to fight back, but he could not win. Resigning his tutorship at Oriel, he accepted Hurrell Froude's invitation to tour the Mediterranean, and late in 1832 the two friends left England.

When they returned, the following spring, ten Irish bishoprics had been suppressed and all England was holding its breath, like a circus crowd before the high dive. Even the livery boys whispered of disestablishment. It hurt John Newman to see the Established Church threatened, so with Keble, Pusey, and others, he began writing the *Tracts for the Times* in its defense. At heart he was as conservative as a Chamberlain umbrella, but his pen ran liberal. At first no one noticed, but in February, 1841, with the publication of "Tract 90" he was strafed with denunciation. Although Dr. Hawkins forced him to discontinue the tracts the order came too late to check the mounting opposition. For three years the Anglican bishops pilloried Newman in print and in the pulpit. Eventually he had to abandon his vicariate at St. Mary's.

He fled to the seclusion of his cottage at Littlemore, where he laid aside the clergy's Oxford gray and lived as a layman. It was the first time in history that the color of the suit a man wore to dinner meant so much to the world. John Newman had broken with the Established Church. His proposed *Via Media*, a strong Anglican Church halfway between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism, was a myth. He knew it would take time, but now he meant to find the truth, all of it. Once before he had proposed a definition of Christ's true Church and Anglicanism failed to meet it. By 1845, after more than three years of determined searching, he knew that Roman Catholicism would. Yet he balked at abandoning the Church he had spent so much of his time and energy defending. It was months before his convictions hardened into resolve, but on October the 8th, he had a friend summon Father Dominic, the Passionist, to Littlemore. Late that evening the priest arrived, and after hearing John Newman's confession, received him into the Church. It was nearly dawn on the morning of October 9, 1845.

Only a few days before, Ambrose St. John, Newman's closest friend, had entered the Church. Although Newman spoke of St. John as the man "whom God gave me, when He took every one else away . . . the link between my old life and my new,"

it was Newman himself who led the Anglican procession to the Roman Church. E. S. Bowles and Richard Stanton, two other friends, were received into the Church with him on October 9th. Later, like a football squad at game time, came such men as Robert Coffin, who became Bishop of Southwark; the preacher-poet, Frederick Faber; the writer, Frederick Oakeley; and Albany Christie, the famous Jesuit.

Even these men represent but a fraction of the final and still undetermined number of those who were to retrace Newman's pathway to the Church. In an age like ours, when religion is frequently misrepresented as the chief indoor sport of cantankerous old maids, it is difficult to realize John Newman's tremendous influence as a religious and intellectual leader. For years, men and women in Europe and America had traced the designs in the spiritual cloth which he was weaving at Oxford. They read his tracts and followed the clear development of his mind. Here he had found his belief in Baptism and the Tradition of the Church, there the certainty of Apostolic Succession, and here again, the truth of the Sacramental system. They knew that he had run too close to the sidelines in 1841 by trying to show in "Tract 90" how little the Roman Catholic Church differed from Anglicanism, but few expected him to leave the Established Church.

News of his conversion struck the intellectual world with the impact of a "block-buster." Immediately that world took sides, Anglican prejudice, crusted with falsehood, against Newman, a group of followers, and the simple fact that the Roman Church was not the witch England believed her to be. As the attacks on Newman increased the real issues were camouflaged. Men like Charles Kingsley challenged his honesty, cursed him as a traitor, and then, like Kingsley again, fell before Newman's well-directed blasts of truth. Gradually, many of the spectators saw through the Anglican sham. The procession to Rome swelled.

Soon it was a procession not only of intellectuals but of smiths, shopkeepers, and clerks. Men reasoned that if Catholicism meant so much to the great John Newman, it must be worth looking into. Thousands of them followed him, but few of them left records of their religious odysseys. For this reason, it is difficult to determine exactly the influence Newman exerted on them.

Even so, statistics on English Catholics hint at what that influence must have been. When John Newman was born, in 1801, the Catholics in England numbered only 160,000, and they were about

as welcome as a snowstorm on Miami Beach. Only after Newman's conversion did English hatred for Catholics begin to slacken. By 1903, just three years after his death, Miss Anne O'Hare could write in the *Catholic World*; "Perhaps the greatest and most apparent effect of his (Newman's) influence over English thought was in making non-Catholics take a more rational and a kindlier view of Catholic doctrine and Catholic practice." Obviously, the number of English Catholics had grown considerably even then. But today, a hundred years since Newman's conversion, Catholics in England have reached the total of nearly 2,260,000, an increase of more than two million through the century.

Yet, John Newman was not a gift to England alone. He was also a power in the United States, and directly or indirectly, he gave American Catholicism such converts as Orestes Brownson and Father Isaac Hecker, the one-time Redemptorist who founded the Paulist Fathers. Even now his spirit hovers over the campuses of 307 American colleges, where 50,000 students are enrolled in Newman clubs. And these figures do not include the members or clubs of Canada, Puerto Rico, Hawaii, Australia, China, and the Philippines.

It is not strange that John Newman should have been such a force from his day even to our own. His career in the Catholic Church was difficult. All his contemporaries realized this to some extent, and men who hated him for his beliefs worshiped him for his honesty and perseverance. They saw him bucked and bruised by his ecclesiastical associates, and guessed that many of his far-seeing plans, like Robert Fulton's submarine, were too new to find favor with his superiors. But were those men alive today they would see those plans typed in stone, spelling "Catholicism at Oxford." They would recognize Newman's dream, materialized in the Jesuits' "Campion Hall," in the Benedictines' "St. Clement's," and in the houses of the Salesians, Franciscans, and Dominicans.

If he failed to bring all England to the Catholic Church through his own priesthood, and if through his writings he carried the truth to only a fraction of the English-speaking world, John Henry Newman, on that October morning a century ago, did what no one else could have done. Merely as an honest man who followed truth wherever it led him, he rekindled the light of Faith in England and lifted it up for all the world to see and gather round.

## GOSPEL MOVIES BY P.K.



"Nicodemus ... bringing a mixture of myrrh and aloes."

St. John 19:39.

### MYRRH AND MYRTLE

**S**TRIPPED of all earthly things, forsaken by His privileged Apostles, and even by His heavenly Father, Jesus died upon the Cross. When the three hours' darkness began to lift, two fearless figures emerge from the death's pall that enveloped the earth—Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea. Nicodemus, who at first had come to Jesus *by night*, came "bringing a mixture of myrrh and aloes, in weight about a hundred pounds." These are to be used in embalming the dead body of his Master.

A true disciple of Christ will do the same to the corpse of a neighbor's good name. Most men agree with Shakespeare that, "The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones" (*Julius Caesar*). Less known, and therefore less often put into practice is his advice in *Henry V*: "There is some soul of goodness in things evil, would men observingly distil it out."

In a little village there was a lovable character known to all the townsfolk as Uncle Ben. He had a kind word to and about every one. One day, as he took his daily stroll through the village cemetery he came upon two men digging the grave for the mortal remains of a scoundrel who had broken all the laws of God and man. "Well, Uncle Ben," said one of the grave diggers, "what good have you to say about this good-for-nothing bit of depraved humanity that will be jailed here?" Stroking his Vandyke beard as he mused a moment, Uncle Ben replied with a twinkle in his eye and a sterling ring to his voice: "Well, boys—he was the finest whistler I ever knew." Are you related to Uncle Ben? You are needed at the graves of dead reputations.

# WILLIAM GOES CROW HUNTING

By Bill Parker

**W**ILLIAM and his father may have differed on such matters as the relative importance of tin can shinny sticks over history books, but there was a close bond between them on one matter. This was shared by them alone and even excluding Lillybelle the cook.

William Senior liked to read tidbits from the evening paper aloud and although other family members suffered in silence, young William thought it a good way of getting the news without bothering with any ol' paper.

Tonight as every night a hearty chuckle from behind the paper warned all within hearing that they would soon know why chinaberries can't grow on trees in China or maybe that some adventurer had found an eight tail monkey in Timbucktoo.

"Well that is interesting," exclaimed father having regained his chuckle-expanded breath.

It was someone's duty to ask "What?" or go through the much longer process of having father demand angrily if his family wanted to keep abreast of the news or become hermits. William was fortunately reading a Bounce-O comic book on the floor, so his "What" was quick and heartfelt.

"Wait a minute—I've lost my place," father apologized as usual. "Why do they always hide these interesting things in the middle of advertisements or—Oh yes here it is." Another chuckle and father proceeded to read aloud.

"Courthouse clerk Lemon Smith was amazed when Ken Brock drove in from his farm with ten crows' heads and demanded \$5 apiece from the state. Smith thought it a joke until Brock insisted and suggested courthouse officials brush up on their own laws.—Sure enough Smith looked it up. A law passed 30 years ago and never repealed offered a \$5 bounty on crows. Smith paid and at last reports was wondering what to do with a sackful of heads."

"Maybe they'd be good to eat," suggested William, "I wouldn't pay \$5 apiece if they wasn't."

"Oh it wasn't Lem Smith's money." Father thought this a good time to acquaint his son with government procedure. "He just paid with the county's money and then the State pays back the county."

"Who gets the crows' heads?" William believed in getting to the point.

Father thought maybe it wasn't such a good time to acquaint William. Going back to his paper he dismissed the incident. "The garbage-can, son. The garbage-can—now try and be quiet so I can read my paper."

Fortunately the next morning was Saturday. William skimmed through breakfast in order to leave room for hamburgers and the double jumbo lemon sodas for which once a week he traded Mr. Moore's allowance. —Joe Edge was already on his second banana split when William arrived.

"Hurry up and finish that and I'll let you have half my double jumbo." —William tried to make this sound as if he split lemon sodas with anybody who happened to be around.

Joe was suspicious, but not suspicious enough to pass up lemon soda. "I am kinda thirsty," he admitted. "But I ain't promising anything first."

"Who asked you to promise anything?" William tried to look like a disappointed friend. "We're both members of the Death's Head Club, ain't we?—And members are sposed to go halves—"

Joe wondered how William always made him feel guilty when he hadn't done anything. With an attempt to patch things up he made what he considered a generous offer. "I'm sorry. I'd go halves on this banana split if it wasn't all gone."

William doubted this, but he decided to keep Joe happy. Joe had a way of getting mad and going home.

William had other plans in store. Handing Joe a straw he looked around for enemy spies and finding none whispered, "Hurry up and finish it cause me an' you are going crow hunting."

At first the prospects of a crow hunt had seemed exciting to Joe, especially after William had explained that Lem Smith paid \$5 apiece for the heads. On the way to Cedar Grove Joe let William carry his B.B. gun after William had decided they would buy Mr. Moore's drugstore with the crows head money.—But after three hours with only one crow who just would not be shot, Joe wished he had made kites with Earl Bassett like he had planned.

"They ain't but one ol' crow around here," complained Joe as he picked cockleburrs out of his socks for the twentieth time. "I'm going home and make kites."

William was forced to admit the crow situation wasn't working out as planned. He wondered if Ken Brock had killed all the crows there were.—Then, as often when things looked darkest, William had an idea.

As all important plans called for whispering, William not trusting even the trees whispered to Joe, but even the trees could have heard the exciting part about "and I know the best place in the world to hunt crows."

Since William had once actually bought and paid for a Bounce-O comic book instead of taking the usual free reading, Mr. Moore was surprised at nothing. Twenty-five dollars apiece was a lot of money for William and Joe, but Mr. Moore figured that was their business, or their parents'. Although he declined to sell out he did agree to supply soda and banana splits as long as the money lasted and really felt flattered that at long last some of his younger customers trusted instead of asking for trust.

William and Joe swore each other



to secrecy for the fifth time before calling it a day. They retired wishing someone had told them about crow hunting before.—That evening William's father barely managed time to read the headlines, comics and sports before leaving with William's mother on a business trip. Otherwise anything might have happened and much sooner.

By Wednesday Mr. Moore was assuming the status of a banker. William's and Joe's banana split and double jumbo lemon soda fund now amounted to \$120.—Mr. Moore had read a little more of Saturday's paper than William's father, so his only concern was one of curiosity.

"Boys," he said pleasantly when William and Joe appeared for an after-dinner treat, "everybody in town's guessing where that crow heaven you've found is located. Now I'm an old friend. Maybe I could go hunting with you."

William looked at Joe and Joe looked at William. Through some means of communication known only to small boys, William gathered that Joe didn't approve of new partners anymore than he did. "Gee whiz, Mr. Moore," explained William, "we like you, but Lem Smith gave us crows head money, and put our name in the paper too, and we won't even tell him."

Mr. Moore laughed. "I reckon you're right, boys. Find a good thing and hang onto it. How long you think this crow hunting will last?"

"Forever, I guess," said Joe, who was enjoying his crow hunter's reputation as much as William. "We sure know where to hunt crows."

William was anxious to get the day's crow hunt started before the courthouse closed. "We gotta go now, Mr. Moore. How much money we got left?"

"Well," smiled Mr. Moore. "Taking out for these I figure I still owe you a hundred and eighteen dollars and ninety cents worth of merchandise."

"Don't worry," said Joe, "we'll have some more as soon as we spend all that."

Mr. Moore wasn't worried, but down at the courthouse Lem Smith was.—Surrounded by the State Conservation Officer, the State Treasurer

and two detectives not to mention the local sheriff, Lem wished he'd never heard of crows.

"But I tell you, gentlemen, I'm only doing what the law says. Those boys bring in the crows' heads, and the law says I got to pay them."

"Now honestly, Smith?" asked the Conservation Officer, "Didn't it seem a little unusual for those same boys to bring in ten heads on Saturday and seven more on Monday and yesterday?"

Smith paled, "I'm a County Clerk, not an expert on crows. If something funny's going on I'm not to blame."

"I'm not so sure," chimed in the State Treasurer, who was not above suspecting mere county clerks, although he'd once been one himself. "When your vouchers came through in this morning's mail I knew something was up. We've gone years without paying a crow bounty and suddenly your county claims a flood of them."

"I'm clear," Smith stated firmly. "Ask the boys and Ken Brock about the crows. They got the money."

"I've talked to Brock already," said the sheriff. "He says he killed ten crows in his cornfield and can prove it. What's more, he says he'll keep collecting a bounty on the ones he does kill as long as the law stands."

"Let's stick to the point," soothed the Conservation officer. Legitimately killed crows aren't the question.—The law specifically provides a bounty, but 24 crows in four days for two boys is unbelievable. I think we ought to have a talk with them."

Now the sheriff who had been gazing out the window let out a bellow, "Speak of the devil!—Here both of 'em come now.—Wait a minute—They're heading for the alley. I'm going out and see what they're up to."

Colonel Bunn chuckled as he headed for the courthouse. A great friend of William's Grandfather Griggs he was also a secret admirer of William's tin can shinny prowess. Getting boys out of prankish difficulties was nothing unusual. Lillybelle's excited phone message had been barely audible, but he gathered

William had been shooting crows without permission and now needed a lawyer.

Colonel Bunn entered Lem Smith's office to find William and Joe badly scared and half the state doing the scaring. "Why all the fuss about a little crow shooting?" the Colonel sarcasmed. "You did it yourself when you were boys."

"It's a little more serious, Colonel," explained the sheriff. "We caught William and Joe here red handed in a plot to defraud the State."

Asking for details the Colonel got them. He then said he wanted a few minutes alone with his clients. When the outraged officialdom had filed outside the Colonel turned to William.

"Well, William, I've represented your Grandfather and your father many times. Your cook tells me your parents are out of town, so I came down to represent you and Joe. I'm a lawyer who likes boys, so let's have your side of the story."

Thirty minutes with Colonel Bunn worked wonders for William and Joe. By the time the Colonel let the officials back in, William had decided to give up being a ballplayer and become a lawyer.

"Gentlemen," said the Colonel, "after talking with my clients I'm satisfied as to their complete innocence. However, if you insist on bringing them to trial we'll be compelled to sue all of you but Lem for participating in a false arrest."

"False arrest!" shouted the State treasurer, "Why the sheriff caught them pulling the crows' heads out of the garbage can. They admitted that's where they got all of them. Your county clerk paid out money for the same crows' heads three different times."

"He'd have paid out again today wouldn't he, boys," Colonel Bunn threw William and Joe a wink, "that is, if you gentlemen hadn't meddled without cause."

Now the conservation officer spoke up, "I hate to be hard on the boys, Colonel, but after all, they didn't kill the crows and they defrauded the State."

"Hogwash!" exploded Colonel



# THE CHILD'S ALLOWANCE

Lilliane M. Mitchell

USUALLY it is at the time children enter school or have been in school for a few weeks that the allowance problem rears its head. It doesn't seem like a problem to Mother and Dad. Not at this moment. If Sally or Bob, as the case may be, just says carelessly or anxiously, also as the case may be:

"All the other children get an allowance, Mo-ther."

That is enough to send Mother rushing for her purse. And young Dad swells up proudly. The youngster is getting to be a big girl now, eh? You-bet! And he runs his fingers through his hair and beams. Since the child is present, they discuss the matter of the amount openly. A dime a week? A quarter? What shall this allowance be? Little Sally has wandered into the school store along with other children and has learned swiftly the difference between coins. Her sweet little childish treble breaks in,

"Barbara Munn gets a half dollar a week, Mo-ther."

So Dad and Mother instantly agree that if the Munns can give that terrible little Barbara fifty cents a week, they will assuredly do as well... if not better... they eye each other questioningly and then say weakly,

"Well, all right, dear, here is a half dollar for this week."

"And I can tell all the children that my allowance is a half a dollar a week, Mo-ther?"

"Y-yes, I-I guess so. Is that okay, Dad?" asks Mother.

"Sure, sure," he says easily. "After all, she is a big girl now. She'll have little things to buy—you-know—"

But Sally has rushed off with the fifty-cent piece tightly clutched in her little fist and she doesn't heed this last. Nor even hear it.

If, instead of Sally, the child be little Bob, he may plant his sturdy little feet far apart and say manfully, "Hey, Joe gets a half a buck, Dad. Can't you make mine sixty cents, Dad? I'd kind of like to top the others. You-know, Dad."

Bunn, who was rapidly losing patience with men who couldn't understand how boys would consider a crow hunt a crow hunt, no matter where you hunted. "They've committed no crime, and Lem committed no crime in paying them. You should read laws before you make accusations."

With that Colonel Bunn reached for Lem's bookshelf, pulled out the lawbook he'd had in his hand a few moments before, and turned to his marker. "I'll read it for you."

"Due to the increased nuisance of crows in our State a bounty of \$5 per crow is hereby offered to any person or persons who appear with either the dead crow or its severed head at the Clerk's office of their respective counties. County Clerks are authorized to pay the bounty and submit vouchers through regular channels for State reimbursement. Disposition of bounty evidence is left to the judgment of County Clerks."

Colonel Bunn slammed down the lawbook, "Now where does the law

state that county claimers have to kill a crow?"

"I guess it doesn't," said the Sheriff sheepishly.

Colonel Bunn continued, "Lem disposed of the crows' heads just like anyone of you would have done. He put the ten heads Ken Brock cashed in in the garbage.—My clients here went crow hunting and happened to find them because one of them heard his father say he guessed all crows' heads wound up in the garbage.—Now where does the law say people who find crows' heads in garbage can't demand a bounty?"

"I guess it doesn't," admitted the Sheriff again.

"In that case," said Colonel Bunn, "all these boys need is a little instruction about fair play in Government Procedure. I'll speak to their parents about it, but since everything is legal the boys will keep their bounty money and maybe that'll teach you officials to get a better crow law."

Ten minutes later a foursome composed of William, Joe, Colonel

Bunn and Lem Smith stood on the Courthouse steps. "Well, boys," said Colonel Bunn, "you know we lawyers live on our fees."

"What's a fee?" asked William.

"You might call it a gift of appreciation for services rendered," laughed Colonel Bunn.

William looked at Joe and Joe looked at William. Through some means of communication known only to small boys William knew Joe approved.

"We're going to Moore's drugstore for lemon sodas and a banana split," said William. "Would they be a good fee?"

"They'd be overly satisfactory," beamed Colonel Bunn.

Suddenly William felt sorry for Lem Smith—"You can have a fee, too," he offered.

"I'd be proud to," said Lem, "but first you boys explain what happened to those three missing crows' heads you only cashed once."

"Oh," explained William, "on Monday they were too far down in the garbage can for us to reach."

And Dad, proud to the point of bursting over this little go-getter, nods and says, sure thing.

And it is at this point, if you are a proud young parent of a child entering school, that you say indifferently, "So what? It's a lot of chatter over two dollars a month. Twenty-four dollars a year."

Seasoned parents, though, who have been through this child-allowance stage time after time, realize sadly that there has never been enough discussion right out in the open about the child and his relation to money. The best time to consider the problem is while the child is yet in his pre-school years.

Any child has learned fairly well just how to handle his parents before he approaches the school doors. He knows whether the big-eyed, wistful pleading gets more from them or whether tears-and-tantrums will produce the desired result in order to get peace. No matter what he has learned previously, however, on the topic, his education along this practical line is heavily enriched on that day that he begins to mingle with other children. He may not be looking for the education. He possibly is not even aware that he is gathering ammunition. His mind, though, is now as ready for something to happen as a nice, white sheet of paper with a wet pen poised above it. His ears these days are listening ears and his eyes are watchful eyes. Later on he learns to close his eyes and ears and commune with his own thoughts, impervious to the life and motion around him. But these first days, he is eager and ready, and he swoops down on facts as directly as the chicken hawk who always gets his chick.

Consequently when Bob rushes in to demand or suggest his allowance, it is well to say gently that Mother and Dad will think over this idea and let Bob know after a little. There is no great need for haste. Remember that the child is still dwelling and eating in the home and still has a good supply of comfortable clothing. If he learns at this point to rush the parents off their feet, he will quite possibly continue in the same vein for many years. Young parents may not mind this but as the middle years of thirty and forty creep on parents, the love of speed decreases. That is from the angle of the parents. The child's angle is of greater importance. If he attempts to rush Mother and Dad off their feet, he will try to manage his teachers and the people with whom he comes into contact in a like fashion. This is one of the best-known factors in *how to lose friends and make people dislike you*.

Not the least of the mental ill effects of this

child's allowance is the something-for-nothing factor. There is or should be no valid reason for a child of six expecting money. I say *should be* advisedly. As the average public or private day school is now administered, there is almost a daily call for coins. There is a need for small supplies which the teacher purchases in quantities and resells at cost to the pupils. There is no profit and scant pleasure to the teacher but for some years every school has been doing this and it goes on and on, an annoyance to the teacher and a bigger annoyance to the parent who hears daily, "I need a nickel for crayons." There are also local and national calls like the Red Cross and the march of dimes—all movements to which the children are asked to contribute.

Mother and Dad do not know much about this during those first weeks of school. In fact, it is not until the third or fourth month that the children are asked to bring coins. The average person might interpret a child's allowance as a sum to cover these seemingly small school expenditures. No such stipulation is made ordinarily when the allowance is granted and at the first call for a dime, Sally rushes home to demand the dime. Allowance? Oh, that's gone for this week, Mother. Yes, indeed. Fifty cents doesn't go far.

So Mother hands across the dime and continues daily or almost daily to hand across small sums. On Sundays she hands over the coin for the collection, too.

Now and again when everything seems super-pleasant, Sally suggests that the allowance be increased. Once in a while the parents may suggest that the allowance be planned: A small per cent saved, a portion used for current expenses but Sally tosses all this off with a light or scornful laugh. Fifty cents a week? Savings? Expenses? Why, fifty cents just doesn't go *anyplace*. Briefly, Sally has secured something for nothing and it is entirely too good to let pass.

*Item:* it is easier to start an allowance than to stop one.

*Item:* any stipulations regarding the budget on this allowance should be made a matter of record before granting the allowance. Later is too late.

How is Sally spending this allowance? Well, the little school store probably gets the lion's share of it. At recess time there is no objection to crossing the street to buy an ice cream cone or a candy bar. There is a morning recess and an afternoon recess, so a dime a day can get away very easily here. The fifty cents is gone on Friday. Or if

Mother is one of those who press an apple or an orange and perhaps a good candy bar, too, on Sally, then Sally is enabled to save a dime or two. She soon learns that this is show-money, in the children's language, and on Saturday she will take her place in line along with her companions to watch with bright eyes whatever show may be at the neighborhood movie. Mother is busy on Saturday and little Sally could now be of some help but she has already made a date with Josie and Agnes and they'll be waiting for her at the corner of Elm and Orchard at one o'clock, so Sally just has to go. And besides, she isn't asking for any money, Mother. She has saved the show money out of her allowance. Yes, indeed. Sally is very virtuous about this.

Possibly the show is one chiefly fashioned for adults and, for them, not objectionable. The little girls in the group are sometimes accompanied by one or two older girls who are entering their adolescent years. These older lasses have a superiority complex and delight in whispering to each other about certain phases of the show, whisperings eagerly listened to by the little girls whose knowledge of life even in these enlightened days sometimes leaves much to be desired. Mother is busy. At times she scarcely knows any more than the name of the picture. So little Sally fares forth and snuggles down in the super-comfy seat for a few hours. Hours for good? Hours for evil? These hours are always on one side of the balance or the other. An adult goes into a picture theatre, sometimes burdened by personal troubles or worries. The picture is watched, yes. The words are heard, yes. But like the big bass drum in a name-band, the personal problems beat an under-note constantly and it is with only the tip surface of the mind that the show is heeded. Not so with little Sally. She has no personal troubles or worries. She is not worried about taxes or monthly bills or ration points. She has Mother and Dad. She is secure and safe and, should any trouble loom, there are the home folks who take care of all. So the show to her becomes of vast importance. It is not a story. It is a slice of adult life, the life that she, too, will soon share.

Or leaving the distaff, let's consider young Bob. Sturdy, dependable little Bob, who is already a man in spite of his few years. He seldom spends all. He is thrifty. At the end of the school year he announces nonchalantly that he has saved two dimes each school week. He has some eight dollars on hand. Or eighty shows, Mothers and Fathers. And, to boot, the allowance naturally will continue

all summer and there are a few more shows and some ice cream cones. He will see a show a day!

It isn't difficult to figure the result of all this. The astonished parents now learn that little Sally and Bob are entities, individuals with determination and wills of their own. They can and do make decisions.

The point is, what is to be done about this allowance factor?

One parent or two parents alone can do little. A group, however, like a neighborhood group or a parent-teacher group or a church group can do much. Give the child no allowance at all.

To the mother and father of well-conditioned families, this sounds at the outset most harsh. A generation or two or three ago, it might have been harsh but times are changing. The family group is in danger of breaking up entirely unless, step by step, something be done to hold it together tightly.

An earnest group, especially in a small town area or a suburban area can launch the plan most successfully because they are usually property owners and plan to live in this spot for many, many years. A few weeks before the opening of school it is well to sit down with Sally or Bob on a rainy afternoon with a plate of candy or a bowl of homemade popcorn (ideas are usually more easily struck into the bull's eye with children when good food accompanies these ideas) to discuss the matter of school. This, Mother or Dad or both, tells the child is a turning-point in the child's life. Until now he has been a baby to be watched over and cherished lovingly. Now the child enters school. He is a big boy now. He will march off to school every day, rain or shine, snow or hail. He will take personal responsibilities like wearing a hat and coat, rubbers when it rains. He will remember to bring home the books he will need to study and carry these back in the morning.

He will take on, too, the little responsibilities of his group: the schoolroom group in which he will presently find himself. Every group has a director. Mother's afternoon club to which he may have been previously taken a time or two has its president who leads the club discussion. So the schoolroom has its director, the teacher. But the teacher alone cannot have a successful group without the cooperation of the students who must listen attentively, be quick to carry out her ideas and suggestions. She is there to help them and they, in turn, must help her in every possible fashion.

Beyond this little group, they now enter (Mother continues) the larger group of the neighborhood

and the town or suburb. They must learn to be good citizens and not run across lawns on the way to school. They must learn to win friends. All this is more or less social. But beyond this, there is the matter of money which, up until this time, has been unimportant to Sally or Bob. They will find that there will be small expenses now that they attend school. The children will want, perhaps, to give the teacher a little present and each one will contribute a penny or two or three. They must begin to think about ways and means of earning some money. Like Dad.

In the home, maybe, some eager young mother asks? No. Never in the home. Even the smallest child who is able to toddle about the house should already have been acclimated to the idea of helping in the home. He should be taught at an early age to pick up the evening papers and fold them with square, tidy corners. A four-year old can tie these for the paper collection. A five-year-old can carry them to the back porch and learn to watch for the people who are collecting the paper. The small child can empty Dad's ash trays in the garden roses and wash these before returning them to the living-room tables. He should have learned before he attends school to tidy up his own room, to hang up his clothes on hangers, perhaps to dust the lower places in the other rooms. Children love order and, if taught at an early-enough age, are quite eager to help create order in the home. This gives them a pre-view of family life, of their share in the home. Payment for these duties or privileges should never enter the picture any more than the mother expects a servant's wage for her work.

The child's duties should always be light and simple but they can very nicely occupy a part of the child's day and teach the use of valuable time at a very early age.

The actual earning of money should make a worthwhile project in two directions: first the selection of a really-paying plan is a definite step towards community participation. Everyone must earn a living or be trained to do so. In the second place, time spent earning cannot be frittered away in a nothingness as useless as soap bubbles or worse spent in unwholesome pursuits. Children must be busy. They want to be occupied. When a child is willing to sit still or lie in a hammock there is reason to worry about that child's health.

How, some may ask, are six-year old children expected to earn? There are countless possibilities—always. More than usual in these dynamic times. There is a vast field in the grease collection. The wise parent sees to it that Junior has a little wagon many, many months before this idea of earning

comes into the picture. Many women are glad to take a penny a pound—plus the red points, of course!—rather than carry the can to the butcher's. If there be a household scale, the child may borrow this for the weight. He will learn to buy only complete units: a pound each time. There must be an allowance "off" for the weight of the can. He can go armed, on the first morning, with five or ten of his own red tokens. From his own ration allotment. A child of six years can very easily collect ten to thirty pounds of grease on a Saturday morning. He makes a profit of one cent a pound; he is doing a patriotic deed; he is learning weights and measures; he is learning courtesy and how to approach people. Valuable? Immeasurably so! He is building within himself rather than tearing down those ideals the parents have so carefully nurtured.

There is the paper and magazine collection now. Or he may take a magazine route and deliver magazines weekly and monthly along a certain route. Daily paper routes are usually a heavy drain on the child. The morning route requires early rising and often leaving before breakfast. The evening route interferes with a peaceful, quiet dinner.

There are always elderly people in a community who wish to have errands done. There is to be no "tip" payment in these cases. The child should early learn that time is money and make a regular charge of ten cents for short errands or a corresponding price for the time involved.

The teachers of the public school in the neighborhood like to have assistance now and again. Children of ten or twelve, who have had the advantage of a typewriter in the home and who have been taught touch writing can do copying work. Five cents a page is a minimum rate and the child is earning and learning, too. These teachers often want someone on a field trip to help collect and care for flowers or leaves or stones or shells. Again, earning and learning.

Earning alone that occupies the time profitably (either in health, as in a magazine route—out in the fresh air—or in mentality—such as grease collection) is a step in the proper direction. When both earning and learning are to be combined, this is the ideal goal.

An allowance? It frequently "allows" the child to grow idle and slothful, expecting the world to furnish something for nothing. The world at large has never done this. The child's world should be as nearly as possible a miniature world to prepare him for capable, competent adult life.



# ***The World The Flesh and The Devil***

## ***--From The Lips of Babes***

Marie Lauck

**"L**OOK here, young lady," the school principal's face was grim, "these afterschool classes are not purely instructional but certainly are to be character-building projects as well as war recreation. You were chosen to guide these youngsters only after careful search and thorough investigation."

Clear-eyed, sunny Stella Ray grinned. "Goodness, don't tell me you didn't find our closet-skeleton. I come of a long line of—"

"—facetious fools," finished the staid professor, his drawn brows lowering so dangerously as to grab up his spectacles.

Stella's sentence accepted the rebuff and scampered, tail-less, into oblivion. It was born of mongrel wit, Stella consoled herself, and its brief life was as well ended, for its appearance was not improved by a chopped appendage.

Stella's projects began inauspiciously. Though she was fortified with assorted methods of child psychology modern as the airplane, her charges were armored effectively with anti-aircraft. Tot's of three left by war-working mothers were as discipline-proof as the enemy tank corps, aged 13. Games of any description meant strife and ended in physical combat. Geography was the signal for choosing sides for stimulated warfare. Calisthenics signalled rough and tumble. Citizenship study gained political fisticuffs. Separation by ages signalled one age or another or all taking advantage of her business with others to engage in strictly private battle. A drawing class lasted fifteen minutes and at that point a paper-wad war ensued. In three weeks Stella had learned more about refereeing fights than her boys and girls had learned of directed play. Each day before class Stella bearded the principal at his desk and begged a pot of paste. She had an idea that scrap books might answer her problem: tearing things up deliberately.

Finnie Hadley, whose mother must have had a bitter sense of humor or a marine cafe menu when Finnie came to this world twelve years ago, stopped Stella outside the principal's door one day. "Say, d'you want me to getcher some paste?" he quizzed.

Stella rapidly answered in the negative. Finnie's

background was spattered with frequent juvenile court inquiries and only last week Finnie's father had ruefully wondered what could be done for Finnie. Stella was trying to understand the child more than ever. "You see," she explained graphically, "such things come through the principal's office. He okays appropriations and the bills are then paid from the money your folks pay to keep you here while they work."

Finnie's expression was foreboding. "Who is the principal's boss?" he inquired. Surely Finnie spoke more loudly than necessary, thought Stella, trying to draw the boy down the corridor.

"Come, Child," she beckoned, "classes are starting."

Finnie braced himself against the principal's door. "Huh!" he launched, "Old Prin ain't foolin' us. He's soused half the time. He staggered in yesterday all over the sidewalk and Gus the janitor had to help him up the steps. Who is the principal's boss? I can get you that paste!"

Deadly silence took the corridor. Stella expected the door behind Finnie to fly open bringing a withering verbal blight. She firmly took Finnie's hand and jerked him away. "There are many reasons for staggering," she began severely, also too loudly, she was aware, "a weak heart causes the sufferer terrific pain and renders movement erratic. A stricken person—" at last the door of Room 2 was before her. She shoved the still twinkling Finnie in ahead of her, shutting off the remainder of her stricken lecture and leaving behind a chasm of silence. The result was a shock. Finnie's merry black eyes fairly laughed aloud when a gallon of paste ushered in its smitten bearer, old Gus. That all might know what an unheard-of duty had been performed, the crotchety janitor entertained them one and all with a running fire of briny phrases on the evils attendant upon having high-falutin' instructors on the premises. On a pretext of coming to the waste basket, young insouciant Finnie grinned at his teacher. "See 'Crime Refunds' when it hits out your way. Hundry Hotarg used that one on the Podunk political boss. It's getting somethin' on the guy that brings him around. . . ."

Flushed to the ears, Stella rustled papers on her



desk and did not attend. Had she but realized it, this trifling oddment was only a preview. When she announced the scrap book project, the shower of magazines for clipping inundated the classroom—yes, all movie magazines!

Entranced thirteen and three-year-olds alike contributed to the days' yarns. There was a black bordered photo of thrice wed Susie MacBeaut who adored at the shrine of the horoscope and had recently died a horrible death. Her eulogy included a remark on her idyllic long forgotten childhood in a convent academy. Harry Rassberry's tragic tale came in for student sympathy. It seems he called down God's wrath upon the head of the child of his first marriage who failed to admire the beauties of Mrs. Rassberry IV, who was named as correspondent in the divorce by Mrs. Rassberry II before Rassberry met wife III. The child of Mrs. Rassberry I had shortly thereafter been scarred for life in the great fire that started from a burning cigarette and razed the Rassberry villa. Dotty Debar's famous legs were scissored by pupils reciting the famous tale of Dotty's Sunday off from elevator operator duty when she vowed she'd get her man. Dotty's Sunday rollick had ended with a movie contract—of course she didn't need to marry him after that. She had what she wanted. As it humorously turned out, he was already married.

The mother of Johnny Gooble smiled out from a news column describing how she and her paramour had frittered away all of Johnny's money when Johnny's father was abroad on business and how Johnny had repaid his mother in like manner. The grizzled countenance of Jeanney Lowbrow's father smiled peacefully forth from behind a lawnmower which he runs at the poor-house where he lives. "Jeanney doesn't owe me a thing," was the father's caption under the picture. Gloria Wanderlust burns the candle at both ends, wears black undies and nothing else on the stage and has a rich husband with whom she doesn't abide, but really she owes her notability to her sterling Mother who, without benefit of husband, begot this flaming daughter and made of her a shining light!

Booty Hardwon's hollow visage was a woeful sight. Booty had been a gay and popular kid star with a sweet voice and a buxom roundness, full of vitality and wholesome fun. Scarce 17, Booty married an old timer. Her now svelte figure bows like the pictures of starving war-sufferers, her health is broken and her bright painted smile fixes itself upon her bone-structure like the rigor mortis of a corpse. Booty's diet got her a svelte figure but at what a cost?

Stella grew tired of Batty Bescarred, whose picture decorated every page, it seemed. Batty's third husband's first wife actually had an offspring, and her own first husband was the sucker who bought up the nudes she's posed for so prolifically. Birdie Rakis had the strange reputation of being faithful to her present husband (fifth or fourth is the moot point, the girl's contention being he is the fifth husband and the boys staunchly holding that he is her fourth). This husband, fifth or fourth undecided, is away at war and Birdie's touted reason for constancy is that all the male competition at the moment is either too young or too old. Sarah Stench reputedly wears less than five ounces of clothing winter and summer and has patriotically visited more war camps than any other star. Minrad Goldfinger has the record of marrying twice in a single day and in his latest interview given to Blooella Barfly, he admitted none of his divorces were legal due to unimportant technicalities. Lark Aches was endeared to the public by slapping more women than anyone else, by his first wife's wealth, his second wife's influence, his third wife's death. Ted Welton's wife objected to taking nightly kicks in the nether after patching his ruined evening suits each day.

Darnell Stinkus is the extra guy who succeeded in swindling his own agent, who later committed suicide and Willy Walnut came into the public eye following the love-pact shooting in his own home (fifteen gallons of cleaner were required to remove blood from the satin drapes alone!) Fannie Fannies rose to fame by cleverly hoodwinking a producer and got such an ironclad contract that she got rich by *not* acting! She had to be bought off.

Astor Rastor's polished mien as she appeared in the courtroom attracted all eyes. Astor's testimony had sent a mere nonentity to prison and had, from its colorful presentation at her hands, skyrocketed the astral woman into stardom. It was generally known that Astor's role in the court of justice was born in a publicity agent's fertile mind and that since her financial success she had tried to offer the poor convicted man money to appeal the case. The convict was then unfortunately confined to the institution's psychopathic ward, broken in nerve and mind.

Dick Phooey's smile-nonpareil gained the girls' ohs and ahs. But even the tots among the lads reminded the girls that Dick still has a wife and baby right here in our town, a family he left because he so coveted a career. In Hollywood he was touted as the boy bachelor, at which his only

# Filth in Words

Charles J. Sullivan

AS dean of boys in a large secondary school my office becomes the Mecca of a varied collection of troubles. In most cases these are not serious in nature when measured by adult standards. Someone was pushed, a boy forgot himself, another was late frequently, another wanted advice about vocation, a parent wanted help; these are important to the individual but certainly not of world significance. But the other day I was really set back upon my heels, not so much by the case in hand but by the impotency of the forces of law and order to remedy the situation. Hidden somewhere in this country there lives a man who, while taking the free gifts of the land, carries on a trade in illicit literature. If I could have had the chance to lay hands upon him the other day I would be in police custody today.

Picture in your mind a large study room seating several hundred pupils. Seated near the rear is a

youth of sixteen, well built, blond hair, clear blue eyes, an ordinary American boy. Since he was programmed for the study room he should have been availing himself of the opportunity of improving his mind. He was studying all right. Not History, and not English, but a piece of pornographic literature. The teacher in charge noticed his flushed face, tenseness, moving lips, and that peculiar glint in his eye. As the teacher approached to investigate this unexpected condition the boy put the book away and politely but firmly refused to show it to her. He was escorted to my office. The charge—disobedience. My files showed that he had not been in trouble previously this term. When I asked him for the book he again refused. Reasoning did not break down his determination to hold on to that book. Now he really was in trouble.

Faced with this stubbornness I reached for the phone to call his parent. Out came the book and

wife hid her head, went with their babe to her sister's home and herself got a job. As the boy bachelor, Phooey so coveted a stellar role that he betrayed his best friend to get it, and then so coveted his leading lady that he broke up her marriage to get her. . . .

And these are the tots' ideals! What commandment was gilded by the cheap fare these children lived by? Stella lay awake at night trying to figure what code of morals modern children know; working with things "as they are," Stella attempted to guide the choosing of stars, the telling of tales. Stella indicated Ileen Won, whose sterling qualities of housewife and mother were equalled only by her grit in the struggle to the top. Stella's voice was lost in the din, attempting to extol the ideal family life, the tests of character and the business acumen behind Ding Horsey. In vain Stella spoke of Dinah Darling who by dint of long hours of study and struggle and by the unselfish efforts of an older sister became the golden voice of the screen. Drowned out was Stella's voice in her choice as an ideal, Shirley Church, whose wise parents kept the child unspoiled and unsophisticated, clean and wholesome, despite her spectacular popularity.

Probing the precocity of her charges, Stella found that after staying the day at the school most of the children were taken out for a sandwich and then left at a show—any show—till its closing. Some were called for there. Some wandered home at midnight, alone. Movie books were their sole acquaintance with literature. Grisly stories seemed to hold their attention. Clean living was too prosaic to appeal to their movie-made minds. Compared with the colorful movie-book adventures "of the real life of the stars you see in the pictures," the movies themselves carried no weight: "they're censored," caustically sneered a wisened-up youth.

Laying aside the paste pot with its surrounding decorations of stars, Stella appointed Finnie Hadley the Winston Churchill of the Room 2 Wars and bought (without appropriation from the principal) a Hans Anderson full of dragons, blood, and liver-carving beings, gory but classic. The warlike character of Room 2 assumed a vicarious air. Now and then small eyes bulged and hair rose from the heads but the older pupils read heartily on. Stella Ray has grown a frown. It isn't becoming but it serves a purpose not recreational but perhaps character-building.

with it the plea, "Please don't tell my mother about this. I wouldn't want my mother to know about this kind of book. I'm grown up, I'll take any punishment, but please don't tell my mother about this." He has a great deal of good in him to be so concerned about his mother. This very trait of character made me more angry with the type of book he was reading and the people who produce such filth. I was ashamed of the fact that some adult had by his greed and depravity been the indirect cause of this boy's trouble.

Now what was he reading? In plain language he was reading filth. He was reading, and was animal enough to enjoy, the lurid story of a young girl who proved to be in a terrific hurry to get rid of her virginity. As a married man and father who enjoys a joke as well as the next I am fully aware that there is a vast difference between things that are humorous and things that are written or said to appeal to man's bestial emotions. As a science teacher I am always exasperated with the errors in fact that creep into these writings. As a father I am worried.

As parents you and I probably never hear of our sons and daughters reading this type of literature. Not because they won't read such rot but because few are caught. You can best protect your child by telling the child the facts of life. It is not the duty of the school to undertake this task. It is the obligation of the parent. Your Church or your favorite home magazine will be able to supply you with a little booklet containing the necessary information and so arranged that you may pass the information along to the child in terms the child can understand at his or her par-

ticular age level. As the child approaches physical maturity the parent must perform the difficult task of having a man to man or woman to woman talk with the youngster. This is your job. No one can do the job as well as you can, for no one has the youngster's friendship, love, confidence, and faith to the extent that a good parent has these gifts.

Protected by a knowledge of the truth in these intimate matters the boy or girl is less affected by this loathsome material. The knowledge of the facts removes the natural curiosity and makes the boy conscious of the inaccuracies in the description of the emotional excesses. As the boy finds errors in fact he is less and less affected by the rest of the material. Of course it would be a wonderful world if youth could come by this information through living. But we do not live in such a world. There are people who write this filth and there are publishers who publish the material. Whether it is disguised as an educational publication, or as a "hot" joke book, or as a "racy" novel, it is still filth and will injure the man, woman, or child who reads it. Its primary aim is to stimulate the emotions. Emotions such as these when stimulated in the youth of the land lead to tragedy. The "Vice Squad" of the law enforcement agencies is constantly on the watch for this material, but just as the Doctor sometimes fails in his work with preventive medicine, so the Law sometimes fails in its work. This type of material, the pornographic pictures, stories, articles, are just as deadly to the soul as disease is to the body. We must inoculate the younger generation with Truth and then do our best to stamp out the "disease." Filth is filth, no matter how you look at it.



POPE PIUS XII, publicly expressing his confidence in the appearances of the Blessed Virgin Mary to the three shepherd children at Fatima in Portugal, consecrated the whole world to the Immaculate Heart of Mary on November 7th 1942. Recently he has appointed August 22nd as the new Feast of the Immaculate Heart of Mary to be celebrated the first time this year.

# Echoes from OUR ABBEY HALLS

HAVING played Rip Van Winkle during the past months, the chronicler awakes to find that a number of things have happened during his slumber.

On May 4 news reached the Abbey of the death of Mrs. Frances Dux of Beech Grove, Indiana, mother of our Father Victor, who at present is stationed at a Hospital Center near Naples, Italy. Though separated as he was by thousands of miles from his home, Father had the consolation of offering his good mother all the supernatural helps with which our Holy Faith supplies us at such a time of sorrow. On May 8th, his feast day, he celebrated a solemn high Mass of Requiem for her in a Convent Chapel in Italy, being assisted by a British Chaplain, Rev. Patrick Horgan, M.S.C., as deacon, and by an Italian Chaplain, Rev. Father Renato, M.I., as subdeacon. The music for the Mass was furnished by the Italian Sisters, and Father writes that they sang most beautifully.

Mrs. Dux was the proud mother of five sons in the Armed Forces, scattered all over the face of the globe. In addition to Father Victor, they are: Edward, who is with an Ordinance Section in New Caledonia; Robert, attached to a Tank Destruction Battalion in Germany; Francis, a Military Policeman in Paris; and John, who is with the Air Corps in Cairo, Egypt. We kindly recommend this gallant mother to the prayers of our GRAIL Readers.

On May 10th a great hush fell upon St. Meinrad. Early that morning busses sped forth in all directions carrying the students to their homes for vacation time. For the high school department it meant the beginning of one of the longest vacations ever enjoyed by St. Meinrad students. For those in the College and Major Seminary departments it was to be just a short furlough be-

fore beginning a new semester of work on May 20th. But while the hushed atmosphere prevailed the monks seized the opportunity to hold their summer retreat from May 13 to 18. Among those home from distant parts for this retreat were Fathers Maurice and Father Gregory. Father Maurice flew home from his Air Field in Nevada, where he is at present stationed as Chaplain. Father Gregory came from St. Michael's Indian Mission in North Dakota. After the retreat Father Maurice went back to his Air Field, but Father Gregory changed fields of labor. Instead of returning to St. Michael's, he headed for Winne-



All for the missions. On free afternoons students take turns helping in the garden. Father Fintan sets aside one-tenth of the garden's earnings and allows this money to be distributed by the students unit of the Catholic Students Mission Crusade. These boys were working till they saw the camera. Sophomores past and present.

bago, Nebraska, where he will assist Father Frank Hulsman, an alumnus of St. Meinrad, in caring for the Omaha and Winnebago Indians.

Sunday, May 13, was dedicated to the celebration of the Silver Sacerdotal Jubilee of Father Prior Placidus Kempf, Father Maurus Ohligslager, and Father Meinrad Hoffman. Father Placidus, besides holding the weighty office of Prior of our monastery, likewise fills the office of

Librarian and Professor. Father Maurus is Treasurer. Father Meinrad is Novice Master and Instructor of the Clerics. After the Jubilee Mass in the College Chapel there was a banquet for the monastic family and relatives of the jubilarians in the College refectory and also a buffet luncheon in the evening. After that each jubilarian left for a three-day vacation with his relatives.—On May 25th, the actual day of jubilee the jubilarians officiated at the Solemn Conventual Mass. This time the students for the summer session were at hand to profit by a free day and a festive banquet at noon.

\* \* \*

Decoration Day this year was celebrated in a more solemn manner than has been customary in the past. Early in the morning Father Abbot was celebrant at a Pontifical Mass of Requiem for all our country's fallen heroes. At 1:30 P.M., the Monks and Students gathered at the flag pole plaza for a memorial service, which included patriotic airs, a short address by the Rev. Mr. John B. Rusteika, and the recitation of the Rosary. The evening Retreat at the flag pole was enlivened by the addition of a shot from our saluting cannon, a rare event these days when we are hoarding our few remaining shells for use on Victory Day.



It's an old model but Bob Fricke knows how to drive it.



For Father Francis Schoeppner, O.S.B., July 9th was a golden day. On that day Father celebrated his Golden Sacerdotal Jubilee. Since failing eyesight prevented his singing the Conventual High Mass, Father Prior was celebrant in his stead, and Father Francis assisted from his regular place in the choir stalls. At noon the monastic family enjoyed a festive dinner in the jubilarian's honor in a gaily decorated refectory. At the beginning of the meal the reader gave us a short sketch of Father Francis's fruitful years as a priest of God. Father was born at Oberweissenbrunn, Bavaria, on May 10, 1869. At the age of eighteen he came to America with the intention of joining St. Meinrad's Abbey. But when he alighted on American soil he was informed that St. Meinrad's Abbey, his destination, had been destroyed by fire the previous month. Heart-broken, he almost turned back, but for the encouraging wire from Abbot Fintan bidding him come on anyway. He received the habit on July 11, 1890, and was professed on July 19th of the following year. In 1895, he received the three Major Orders within the space of five days, from June 4th to June 9th. For some years following his ordination Father Francis taught Latin, Greek, Church History, and History of Philosophy. He was also Abbey Librarian for a good many years. His professorial attainments still shine forth in a readiness to bandy Latin with all comers. His proficiency in Greek is well known to all who come in contact with him. After ceasing to



Father Patrick, Charles C. Meny, Father Terence, James Durbin, and Bert Gramelspacher.

teach history, Father Francis started to make history. He formed a one-man-mission-band for several years, being much in demand for Forty Hours and Missions. He served as Chaplain for the Sisters at Ferdinand twice in his priestly career and was assistant pastor at Jasper, Indiana, for eleven years. In March, 1921 he assumed the pastorate of St. Mary's Church in Huntingburg. Called home in the fall of 1941, Father has ever been a source of edification and a model for his younger brethren. Always of a cheerful disposition, he is ever ready to parry witticisms with the best of the group. But more especially do we admire his love for the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and his faithful attendance at the Divine Office. For all this we give thanks to God



Sawing logs (by day) when it is too wet to work in the garden. In the background students are helping to lay tile through the field. The three in the foreground are Jack Manning, John Coffey, Bert Wellbaum.

and ask Him to spare Father Francis for many more years of holy life among us.

While most of the Fathers here at the Abbey are sweating out their summer mornings in the class room with their students, still others are teaching elsewhere, and not a few are sliding on student benches themselves. Father Subprior Theodore and Father Lucien are both serving on the faculty at Loras College in Dubuque, Iowa, during the summer session. Fathers Raban, Terence, and Wulstan, are taking summer

courses at Dubuque. Our contingent at the Catholic University in Washington for the summer session includes Fathers Marion, Adrian, Kevin, Bonaventure, Jude, and Polycarp.

\* \* \*

Summer work outside the monastery in parishes and chaplaincies has been cut down to a minimum this year because of the summer school. Those spending the vacation days away from the Abbey are Father Aemilian, who is acting as Chaplain at St. Edward's Hospital in New Albany; Father Jerome, who is substituting for Father Andrew at Mariah Hill, while the latter is confined to the hospital in Louisville for treatment of x-ray burns; Father Rudolph, whose summer trips to Denver, Colorado, during the past few years give him an opportunity to restore his health and at the same time to be of assistance to the Sisters at St. Joseph's Convent, Denver, in developing their chant and liturgical life. Father Joachim is dividing his summer between St. Joseph's Parish in Jasper and Sacred Heart Parish in Vincennes, while Father Clement is helping out for several months at Holy Name Parish in Louisville. Father Linus is training under Father Schulte, "The Flying Priest," and will be away for several months. Father Matthias is substituting as assistant of the town parish for Father Linus. It has been announced that Father Bernardine will take up graduate studies at the Catholic University in Washington D. C., along with Father Gerard in the Fall.

Father Aemilian will again assume the office of Vice Rector of the Minor Seminary in September. Father Norbert, has been relieved of his duties as Superintendent of Marmion and after he leaves the Mayo Clinic he will go to St. Michael's Indian Mission in North Dakota.

Word has just reached the Abbey that Father Cornelius who is serving as a Chaplain in the Air Corps has been promoted to the rank of Major.



# THE CHILDREN OF FATIMA

MARY FABYAN WINDEATT

Illustrated by Gedge Harmon



THE next morning the children's mother set out for Lucia's house, a little worried in spite of herself. Ever since breakfast Francisco and Jacinta had talked of nothing but the visit of the beatiful lady. More than that. They insisted that she was coming to see them again on the thirteenth day of June, the feast of Saint Anthony.

"How ridiculous!" thought the good woman. "When my sister-in-law hears of this foolishness, she'll be really angry."

Lucia's mother was angry when she learned of the apparition and lost no time in punishing her daughter for what she considered to be a willful falsehood.

"Don't ever lie to me again!" she cried angrily. "That's one fault my children have never had!"

In vain Lucia sobbed out that she was innocent. She hadn't told any lie. She and her cousins really had seen the lady.

"Then what's her name? And if she's so beautiful, why does she waste her time in a poor sheep pasture?"

The child wiped her tearful eyes. "The lady didn't tell us her name... she's going to do that in October... and I don't know why she came to the Cova da Iria. She... she just came!"

Suddenly Lucia's mother reached a grim decision: this ten-year-old daughter was more stubborn than she had thought. The only thing to do was to take her to the parish priest, Father Marques Ferreira. Perhaps, after a good talking-to in Confession....

"Yes," put in her sister-in-law, "and don't forget Francisco and Jacinta. They're too young to go to Confession, but I'll take them to the priest, too. I'll see that they tell him how bad they've been!"

So presently Lucia was brought before the parish priest, alone at first then with Francisco and Jacinta. All three were very much afraid, but even so their story remained the same. Not even when their families threatened them with punishments would they change a word.

"Dear God! What's going to become of us?" cried Lucia's mother frantically. "What will people say when they hear you talking like this?"

Father Ferreira smiled. He knew the three children very well. While he could not bring himself to believe everything they had told him concerning the beautiful lady, he did not think they were intentionally lying. Indeed, he explained the whole matter in a very simple way. The little ones were shepherds, weren't they? They spent long hours in the hills with their flocks? Well, what was more natural than that sometimes they should grow lonely, that they should wish for new friends, for exciting adventures? Not realizing what they had done, they had imagined a most wonderful and comforting friend: a beautiful lady in white and gold, who spoke to them about heaven, about saying the Rosary, about saving souls.

"Now the children have convinced themselves that their lady is real," he said kindly. "But they intend no lie. And of course they shouldn't be

punished any more."

The two women were much relieved at the priest's words and returned home in a happier frame of mind.

"Father Ferreira's a wise man," said Lucia's mother. "I guess we should be guided by what he says."

"Yes, indeed," put in her sister-in-law comfortingly. "And it's not as though the children had lied to us. They didn't, you know. They only imagined the whole thing."

"Yes. But what do we do now?"

"Nothing, of course."

"Nothing? You mean that we should let them go to the Cova next month—on the thirteenth?"

"That's right. When they find that we pay no attention to their little game, they'll lose interest, too. Wait and see if I'm not right."

But Jacinta's mother was not right. As the days passed, the children become more interested than ever in the beautiful lady. They said the Rosary, and properly. There was no more skimming through the decades with only the first two words of the *Our Father* and the *Hail Mary*. They now understood that sinners would be saved and the terrible World War brought to a speedy end only through real prayer and sacrifice.

Suddenly, on the twelfth day of June, Lucia startled the other two children by announcing that she would not be going to the Cova for the lady's second visit. Instead, she would accompany her mother to the fair being held in honor of Saint Anthony at the neighboring village of Porto-de-Mos.

"I think we ought to celebrate Saint Anthony's feast as we've always done," she explained. "Why don't you come, too?"

The suggestion horrified Francisco and Jacinta. "How can you say such things?" they cried. "You know the lady told us to be at the Cova tomorrow."

"The lady! Do you know what I think?"

"What?"

"I think maybe the lady comes from hell."

"Lucia!"

"Yes. Maybe she's really the Devil, and we ought to leave her alone."

This was too much for seven-year-old Jacinta, and she began to cry as though her heart would break. How could such a beautiful lady be the Devil? It was a terrible thing to say!

Lucia put an arm about her little cousin. "Jacinta, please don't cry. I only said the lady *may* be the Devil. I didn't say she *is*. And if she *is* for me tomorrow, tell her that I didn't come be-

cause I was afraid."

But Jacinta refused to be comforted, and finally Francisco spoke up. "You know we can't go without you, Lucia."

"Why not?"

"Because the lady doesn't speak to us. She speaks to you. Oh, we just couldn't go alone!"

Neither Jacinta's tears nor Francisco's arguments could change Lucia's mind, however, for she had not forgotten her mother's anger after the lady's first visit. "I don't want another beating," she declared firmly. "If you two want to go to the Cova tomorrow, you'll have to go alone."

Early the next morning the road leading from Fatima to Porto-de-Mos was dotted with lumbering farm wagons. These were piled high with fruit and vegetables, and gaily-dressed peasants walked beside them, laughing and singing. Yes, the whole countryside was in a festive mood, for this bright and sunny day was a national holiday, the feast of the great Saint Anthony, who had died in Padua in 1231 but who still belonged to Portugal, having been born in Lisbon in 1195.

Although she really had planned to go to the fair with the others, to take part in the games and dancing, Lucia suddenly changed her mind. Slowly and almost fearfully she set out for her cousins' house, for now she knew that she was going to the Cova after all. Indeed, something told her that it would be wrong to stay away, and soon this news was being imparted to Francisco and Jacinta.

The two children, whose family had left them for the gay events at Porto-de-Mos, were overjoyed when they saw their cousin. They had been almost sick with anxiety—afraid to go to the Cova without Lucia; afraid, too, to disobey the lady and remain at home.

"Well, now the three of us will go together," said Lucia comfortingly. "And we won't worry that others are going to the Cova, too."

"Others?" cried Francisco. "But I thought everyone in the village had gone to the fair!"

Lucia shook her head. "You know how people have talked about us," she said. "Now a good many have stayed away from the fair just to see if there really is a lady in the Cova."

Yes, about seventy people were grouped about the sheep pasture when the children arrived, including Lucia's father. For the most part they were talking and laughing, but they soon became silent as the youngsters approached a large tree, knelt down in its shade and began to recite the Rosary. Some even joined the children in prayer, but there were also those who remained apart and who winked

slyly at one another.

"We'll soon see the end of this nonsense!" they seemed to say.

The little shepherds paid scant attention to the grown-ups who had come to watch them. Quietly and devoutly they offered their Rosary to the Queen of Heaven. Then, the prayer finished, Jacinta suggested that there might be time to offer another five mysteries. But Lucia shook her head, scrambled to her feet, and began to tidy her clothes.

"The lady is already here," she said. "Didn't you see the flash of light a little while ago?"

Amazed, Jacinta and Francisco turned to where their cousin pointed. Why, it was true! The lady had come to them again, just as she had promised! Right now she was standing atop the little holm oak, dressed in shining white and gold, as spotless and as beautiful as on her visit of a month ago!

Eagerly the three ran toward her, unafraid this time, their hearts filled with a wonderful happiness. Lucia in particular could not control her joy.

"What do you want me to do?" she cried.

The lady's smile was gracious. "Continue to say the Rosary every day," she said gently, "and after the *Gloria* of each mystery, add these words: 'Oh, my Jesus, forgive us our sins! Save us from the fires of hell, and release the Holy Souls from purgatory, especially those whom everyone has forgotten!'"

The lady's voice was like the most beautiful music,

and Lucia and Jacinta thrilled at the sound. As for Francisco, he did not complain because he could not hear the words of the heavenly stranger. Somehow he believed that his former laziness at prayer, the many times he had neglected to say the Rosary, were alone responsible. Now he was more than grateful that at least the lady allowed herself to be visible to him, that she had shown him the importance of the Rosary, that at long last he was beginning to understand something of its wonderful power to bring souls to God.

The minutes passed, and the lady continued to speak to Lucia. She informed her that she must learn to read, also that she and her little cousins must remember to pray for sinners.

"Many souls go to hell because there is no one to pray and make sacrifices for them," she said gravely.

*Hell!* Suddenly there was real terror in Lucia's heart, and she cried out that she was afraid of this terrible place, that she wished the lady to take her to heaven—and at once! Surely this was possible, since the beautiful one had already said that she lived there.

"And take Jacinta and Francisco, too!" she begged. "Please!"

The vision nodded. "I will take them soon, but you must remain here for some time yet."

Poor Lucia! These words filled her with sadness, and she could have shed bitter tears. Yet somehow there were no tears, for the lady's loving gaze held her as she began to speak again, and of some-



Their story remained the same.

# Looking Toward a Century of Cooperatives

By Emerson Hynes

CENTENARIES are often, I fear, rather blatant affairs in which for selfish reasons of advertising and promotion contemporaries pay exaggerated-tributes to men who a century before had no idea of what their work would result in. They represent, moreover, a rather curious devotion to numbers, as 100 has a special significance that 99 and 101 do not have. But such are the ways of men and as long as centenaries are celebrated, they can be turned to some use by taking the occasion to evaluate the growth of the past and the possibilities of the future.

Many things happened in England in 1844 that caused the leaders of church and parliament and press to talk and write about "the danger in—" and "the significance of—." But scarcely anyone knew or cared about the twenty-eight laborers, mostly weavers, who had pooled a little over one hundred dollars and started at Rochdale the first modern cooperative store. It was not much of a store, for it was open only in the evenings and it stocked but five staple products. The store was not even the prime concern of its founders. They had banded themselves together in the Rochdale Society of Equitable Pioneers for loftier purposes. Most of them were social-minded people who had been active in the socialist and chartist movements. They were all familiar with the cooperative societies which had been attempted previously and they apparently did not think that they were starting anything new. Their constitution called for purchasing land, for building houses, and for arranging "the powers of production, distribution, education, and government, in other words, to establish a self-supporting home colony of united interests."

The first step in achieving this cooperative community, however, was the establishment of a store for the "sale of provisions and clothing." Here was their first break with tradition. They were not trying to set up all at once a complete community like Robert Owen's Queenwood. They did not seek a subsidy from any philanthropist. They did not insist on dormitory space for hundreds of

people nor upon shops and land before they started to cooperate. They simply began a store and devised a clever combination of rules to govern it. And they did not fail as did the pretentious projects. The store prospered and their set of rules has come to be known as the Rochdale principles and to be the heart of all genuine cooperatives. Because of them, more than one hundred million people all over the world are members of the various types of cooperatives: producers' marketing, consumers' purchasing, and credit and insurance unions.

The Rochdale principles are not especially startling. They lack the challenge of the other revolutionary movements which were winning friends in the mid-nineteenth century: the "Liberty Equality and Fraternity" of Liberalism and the "Workingmen of the world, unite" of Marx. The Rochdale cooperative way claimed neither the swords nor the pens of famous men. It simply provided a way by which little groups of workers, usually underprivileged, could get together and begin to help themselves. The requirements were few. 1. Open membership and neutrality in politics and religion. 2. Democratic control, through the device of one vote for each man, regardless of capital invested. 3. Distribution of savings of the enterprise in proportion to purchases through patronage refund. 4. Limited interest on capital stock. 5. Sales for cash at the going market price. 6. Provision for education of members and spread of the cooperative ideal. The rules were practical in that they provided against inefficiency and abuses which had plagued previous cooperative attempts. But they were visionary too, for adherence to them implied faith in an ideal of mutual help, democracy and business for service, not profit.

The Rochdale principles were the key to successful cooperatives, and the movement grew. The same principles were applied to other aspects of business. They were taken to every European country. When one keeps in mind that every cooperator becomes such voluntarily, it becomes ap-

thing both strange and wonderful.

"My Son has work for you to do," she said. "He wants to make use of you to establish devotion to my Immaculate Heart."

Puzzled, the ten-year-old girl stared up into the

face of the apparition. Surely there must be some mistake! How could the lady expect her to do any work, once Francisco and Jacinta had been taken to heaven? As for the Immaculate Heart—  
*what was that?*

*(To be continued)*



parent that few movements have won and kept a larger membership than cooperatives. The growth and influence of co-ops are not even mentioned in many modern European history surveys, while that of socialism is featured extensively. Yet it is doubtful if the total effect of socialism is equal to that of cooperatives. Socialism generated intellectual battles about economic and social abuses, but cooperatives provide practical accomplishments in solving many of those abuses.

Yet in spite of the remarkable growth of co-ops, it would not do to picture them as the instrument of great social change. The great force of the past century has been capitalism, and, to me, not the growth but the failure to grow to dominant position is the more phenomenal thing about cooperatives in the century past. The industrial revolution brought a change in the ways of providing for the needs and comforts of men. The cause of that change was the power machine, and the machine was neither good nor bad. The important thing was the use of the machine and especially who received the benefits of it. To build and expand and control the new economy one of three systems—capitalism, socialism, cooperation—was destined to be dominant. Why was capitalism with its selfish and irresponsible spirit able to dictate almost at will and even in the face of restrictive legislation? How can we account for the success of a system that openly denied social responsibility, that elevated profit to the kingship of determining policy, that conceived the great mass of citizens as a mere factor of production to be paid according to the law of supply and demand?

Of course capitalism had a head start, but that is no explanation. A head start and the support of a royal house did not prevent revolution in Russia in 1917. Capitalism was "bold and enterprising" and the prospect of great and quick wealth had to be held up to attract inventors and organizers. But that is a myth which should disappear from the economics textbook before long. Capitalism itself has shown the fallacy of the argument, for inventors go on inventing and scientists continue research and managers produce amazing efficiency today in capitalistic economy and they do so on a salary basis. If that were not evidence enough, there is the example of remarkable achievements in production and science which have taken place under—or in spite of—communism. Technological advance, efficiency and "progress" are no monopoly of capitalism.

The real explanation is not technological or economic but moral. A great number of men equipped for leadership sacrificed the common good for per-

sonal gain. But that does not tell the full story. There were leaders and many of them, in the nineteenth century, who had a concern for justice. Some of them became socialists but the majority struggled to adjust the new economy and make it moral. They tried hard and not without success. Yet their approach was largely negative and defensive. They consumed their energy in fighting *against* the evils of capitalism; and, frequently, they exerted even more effort to combating the threat of socialism. It is not that these tasks were unnecessary. The regrettable thing is that the men, and the Christian leaders in particular, found little time and strength to promote a system consistent with Christian principles. This fact is that neither the political nor educational nor religious leaders were behind the Cooperative Movement during the crucial first half-century. It was the lack of leadership, then, that prevented the cooperative way from reaching dominance and allowed capitalism to conquer. Had there been any altruism amongst the leaders who jumped on the capitalist bandwagon or had there been greater vision by the sincere leaders who struggled against the abuses, cooperatives would have become the accepted system. Of course there were good Christians and good Catholics in the Cooperative Movement almost from the beginning. Individual priests and laymen played a part, particularly in the field of cooperative credit. The growth of a strong rural cooperative economy in Belgium, for instance, was due in large measure to the leadership of priests as well as laymen. But it would be an exaggeration to say that this form of economy, which is so Christian in possibilities, was extended by Christian leaders. It grew chiefly through the efforts of little people, without benefit of the elite. It grew haltingly with many losses and failures because those who were interested in it were uneducated and were too poor to amass the capital necessary to compete.

Eventually, of course, the good which cooperatives were accomplishing could no longer be ignored. Even before 1900 it became fashionable for statesmen and church leaders to pay tribute to the co-ops. It took still more time for the support to become active. But today, after a century, the prestige of cooperation is substantial. Christian leaders have taken the initiative in educating people and in promoting co-ops, and where they have done so the cooperative way has been setting the pace and insuring a just and non-exploitive economy. The story of the leadership of the Catholic priests and the Extension Department of St. Francis Xavier University in Nova Scotia is internationally known. Dozens of bishops in the United States have en-



couraged the spread of cooperatives. The Bishops of Quebec in a Pastoral Letter in 1937 wrote: "Next to the precept of morality, the most pressing thing to teach our farmers is the profit to be derived from cooperation and teamwork. . . . Let no one, therefore, be astonished, if We recommend association and co-operation as the third remedy for the social crisis. . . . As an *economic* enterprise, the professional association should tend to organize, . . . co-operation under all its aspects, namely: co-operation of credit, of production, of sale; people's savings-banks, local co-operatives, affiliation to a central co-operative." Pope Pius XII, while Secretary of State, extended "the tribute of praise" of Pope Pius XI for the work done in Nova Scotia and commented that it was putting into practice "the full teaching of the encyclicals *Rerum Novarum* and *Quadragesimo Anno*."

The noteworthy thing about these pronouncements and activities is that they represent a definite stand for a specific form of economy. I do not know of any bishop—and certainly no pope—who has defended historic capitalism or called upon the faithful to support big corporations, the primacy of the profit system or anything similar to these. The social writings of Pope Leo XIII and Pope Pius XI are a scathing criticism of capitalism and it is only by a narrow margin that the whole system is not condemned. With a socialism based on a false and materialistic philosophy, the Church makes no compromise. With capitalism, she reluctantly allows, if and if and if— But in the cooperative way she recognizes a system that without change of operation is capable of being fully Christian in theory. As Bishop Muench of the Diocese of Fargo has written: "Cooperatives make possible the better realization of both social justice and social charity—the former, because they aim to achieve a more widespread ownership of private productive property and a more equitable distribution of the goods of the earth, and the latter because they hold high the standards of mutual aid and social collaboration in the spirit of Christian brotherhood."

It would be to ignore reality to think that historic capitalism is thriving today. Without doubt the growth of unions, social legislation regarding wages, hours and working conditions, and the arm of taxation have removed many of the exploitive features of capitalism. But I fail to see why Christian leaders should devote all their time to trying to repair and regulate capitalism. If there were no alternative, it would be understandable. But there is an alternative, a way which returns the benefits of efficient production to those who need it most in contrast to increasing the wealth of those who are

already fat; a way that is motivated by production for service and use and not for profit, and therefore removes the greatest single incentive for exploitation; a way that eliminates the basic causes of class struggle; a way that builds character because it demands education and mutual help.

This is not a plea for a cooperative commonwealth. Membership in cooperatives is voluntary and co-ops will grow only as large as the people as a whole want them to. Moreover, it is not necessary for cooperative production and sale to be the exclusive means in order to bring a just economy. As experience in Sweden and elsewhere has shown, co-ops can bring a just price even though they are responsible for less than fifty per-cent of the production.

Nor is this to suggest that there will be no injustices within a cooperative dominated economy. Human nature will see to that! But as in political democracy as compared with hereditary rule, so in co-ops there is a means by which the interested individuals can remove those who are not working for the common good, and remove them without bloodshed. Again, while there will be imperfections in a cooperative economy the system must be evaluated in terms of the alternatives. The days of the small shop and the individual producer are over. Unrestricted capitalism and socialism must be rejected by Christians and those who believe in the dignity of the person. The regulation of capitalism by government seems almost necessarily to lead to statism. Cooperation is a way of avoiding the extremes. Pope Pius XII, in an address on the fifth anniversary of the war, expressed the tradition of the Church when he said: "small and medium holdings in agriculture, in the arts and trades, in commerce and industry should be guaranteed and promoted," and he proved himself aware of the realities of the 20th century when he added immediately: "co-operative unions should insure for them the advantages of big business." The mid-West farmer who sells his cream through Land O'Lakes and his grain through G.T.A. understands what the Pope is talking about.

The Cooperative Movement has finished its first century with bright prospects. In the next few decades it can actually become the dominant factor in our economy. As an ideal it has the full endorsement of the Church. In practice it will need and receive assistance from Catholic leaders. Now that Christians are adding their heaven, it should grow faster and better than in those early days when not many had heard of "something new in Rochdale."

# What do You know about the Mass?

C. Francis Jenkins

**W**HAT do you know about the Mass? This is a question that might be asked of you any day of the week by your non-Catholic neighbor, and just how would you answer him? It had better be good, for if you cannot do justice to his inquiries he will certainly have good reason to wonder what takes you down to the parish church every Sunday and Holyday. Now maybe you are one of those rare individuals who has all the answers at his fingertips, and can amaze and edify his Protestant friend with his knowledge of his religion, but more than likely you fit into that group (and their number is far too many) who stammer and jump around on one foot every time someone broaches the subject of religion.

And yet when you stop to think about it the Mass is the most important function of our religion. It is the center around which is built our whole religious economy. Without it, there would be no reason for a priesthood, and our churches would be like all the rest of them, cold and impersonal.

Then too, the Mass is something that goes back to the very beginning. It is not, as some bigoted writers would have it appear, the invention of priestcraft, or a mummerly that was intended to impress the ignorant. No—it is a sacrificial act perfected by Jesus Christ Himself, and left with us, a divine legacy of His love for mankind. The mandate was clearly given after the celebration of the first Mass on Holy Thursday night, and the church could not claim to be Christ's unless she fully intended to carry out His instructions to the letter. For two thousand years now, she has daily repeated on her altars that undeniable proof of the Godhead's great love for man. For in the Mass, holy Church constantly draws down upon her members through a divinely appointed priesthood, the full and lasting effects of the Immolation of Calvary.

It is not the intention of this article to go into the spiritual benefits of the Holy Sacrifice, for they are limitless and have been treated by writers with far greater gifts than the present one. Our concern is to try and make all who read this, appreciate what the Mass is, and what it means liturgically, by showing just how through the life span of the Church, she has taken every precaution to make a breath-taking ceremony the most perfect act of public worship that man can offer to God.

You may well ask then, "Wasn't the Mass as

Christ offered it a perfect instrument of sacrifice?" and there would be no one who could gainsay it. That First Mass was sublimity itself, but the Church felt that the wonderful nature of the sacrifice ought to be surrounded with those externals that would elevate the faithful and bring them to realize what a soul stirring act they were witnessing. And so with the aid of color, light, and beautiful words, she has fashioned a jewel encrusted setting for the sacrificial act itself.

Libraries have been written about the historical significances of the liturgy, and why each separate block has been added to make the whole. For there is a plan to the Mass that is baffling only to those who will not study the reason for all its rites, even the most minute. Our plan then is to uncover the blueprints from which the grandeur of this sacrifice was reared. Where will we go looking for the statements that must be made to accomplish our end. A moment's reflection will convince us of the enormity of our quest.

The first document that we shall look to, is the New Testament, and there, in the Epistles and Gospels, try to discover just what ceremonies were a part of the Mass in our Lord's day. We find the details to be very meagre, but conclusive.

In the Gospels we find the accounts of the movements of Our Divine Lord and His Apostles on the days before He died. We know of His triumphal entry into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday, and of his preoccupation with the events that were foreshadowed before the week would be finished. In spite of all the inner anxiety He suffered, outwardly He went calmly about the preparation for the proper celebration of the Feast of the Passover. Two things were hidden from the Twelve—the Institution of the Holy Eucharist, and the infamous trial and death of the Master. On Holy Thursday night they were all assembled in the Upper Room, and there before them all, He instituted the Memorial of the tragedy of the morrow, and ordained that it be an everlasting commemoration of His Eternal Self.

Choosing the simple elements of the Passover meal, bread and wine, he transformed them by the miraculous words of consecration, into the Body and Blood of His Godhood and His Manhood, and at the same time, raised twelve ignorant men to the rank of the priesthood, by enjoining upon them the

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repetition of what they had just witnessed until the end of time. The ceremonies were simple, the rites few. They consisted of the Consecration of the elements, the distribution and the consuming of them, and the singing of a hymn. Thus ended the First Mass.

But just a moment! What had just been celebrated was not called the Mass—but the “Breaking of the Bread” and was so called for at least three or four centuries. In the Greek Church it is simply called the Liturgy, which supplanted the familiar Eucharistia. Then why is it called Mass in the Roman Rite? Where did the word come from?

Instead of going into all the etymological ramifications that have raged around this word, we shall take the preeminent view and say that the word is a derivation of the Latin verb “missa” (dismissal) from the injunction “*Ite Missa est*” “Go, the Mass is ended.” The first time the expression “to say Mass” was used, was sometime in the Fourth Century in a letter St. Ambrose, the Archbishop of Milan, wrote his sister. Before that time it had been referred to as “The Breaking of the Bread” or “The Lord’s Supper.”

Now we have arrived at that point in our discussion where we have established a few terms, so let us proceed and build up the Mass very slowly from the earliest centuries, to that point in time where it was decided that nothing further need be added.

In a letter by St. Justin Martyr we find a good description of our earliest Mass, and St. Clement in his Letter to the Corinthians tells of “the offering of the sacrificial gifts” by the bishops or priests. Then we have the Apostolic Constitutions which have a lot to say about it, and of course in the Fourth Century, the above mentioned letter of St. Ambrose. In the Fifth and Sixth Centuries we refer to the Leonine and Gelasian Sacramentaries (missals) and they are quite complete concerning the Mass of those days. There is a letter of Pope Innocent I to Decentibus of Eugubium where a further discussion of the order of the Mass takes place, and the disputed “De Sacramentis” where still further changes are noted. In the Pontificate of Gregory I (590-604) this pope arranged the ceremonies of the Mass in the almost fixed order of our Mass today, and finally the Pian Missal of Pius V, released in 1570, prescribed the Mass as it now is celebrated.

The Mass falls into two parts, the Mass of the Catechumens, and the Mass of the Faithful. The first part of the Mass is a service of instruction. In it the novices who wanted to receive the faith,

were strongly entrenched in our holy religion by the reading of the Word of God. This part of the Mass closely resembles the old synagogue service of the Jews, and it is felt that the Apostles and the first Christians went to the synagogue and participated in the religious rites of their fathers, and then later in the day (it seemed to have been in the early evening) assembled at one of the houses for the celebration of the “Breaking of the Bread.”

The order of these rites was something like this: First Lesson from the Law, then a psalm-chant, the Second Lesson from the Prophets, the sermon of the day and a prayer by the congregation. In the Second Century the Lesson from the Prophets (Old Testament) had been supplanted by the Gospel (New Testament). The liturgy of Good Friday in our present missals is a very accurate description of the Ante-Mass or Mass of the Catechumens up to the Fourth Century.

By the Fourth Century the faithful assembled at a church (possibly St. Peter or St. John Lateran) and then after a “Collecta” prayer, went in procession to the “stational” church of the day. The stational church was that church in Rome where the Pope, Bishops, priests, and people went to celebrate the Sacred Mysteries. At one time there were as many as eighty-seven of these designated churches or “stations.” Your missal still refers to this custom.

During the procession to the station a litany was chanted, and as the procession entered the church, the Introit chant was sung until the celebrant motioned for silence. The Gloria was solemnly said, the First Lesson from the Old Testament, then there was a chant, followed by the Second Lesson (Epistle) from the New Testament, the Alleluia, Third Lesson—Gospel, Sermon, and petition from the congregation.

In the Seventh Century further changes had taken place. The rite now begins at the Introit, has the Kyrie, Gloria, Oratio, First Lesson—Epistle, Gradual, Alleluia, Second Lesson—Gospel, then the Sermon.

The Mass today consists of the Prayers at the foot of the Altar, the Introit, Kyrie, Gloria, Oratio, Epistle, Gradual, Alleluia, Gospel, Sermon and Creed. From this we can see the gradual changes that have taken place over a period of centuries. Let us now consider the Mass of the Faithful.

One of the more recent liturgists has compared the Mass of the Faithful to a three-fold action in which there is “The sacrificial procession, the sacrificial action, and the sacrificial meal.” Here again we see a processional in the liturgy, a beauti-

ful rite which has been more or less discarded except for two or three instances, and for no apparent reason other than to pamper the laity who are loathe to spend too much time in the worship of God. From the earliest times there was this procession of the faithful to the altar bringing the elements of the sacrifice to be blessed and consecrated during which was sung the beautiful Offertory psalms.\* Then the bread was offered up, and then in turn the wine, there were the ablutions, and then the prayers of the secret, the Preface, which as its name implies, opens the Canon, the most solemn part of the sacrifice. Then there is the outburst of the angels chorus in the Sanctus, and from thence we move on into the main part of the Canon itself.

The Canon falls again into three parts before the Consecration, and three parts after it. These are, Part I—Memento of the Church, Memento of the Living and the Memento of the Saints. Part II—the first offering prayer, Part III—the second offering prayer and the narrative of the Last Supper. Then the most solemn moment of all—the Consecration—that climactic Action wherein mere substance is changed into Our God Himself, and then the falling away of the Action into its last three parts. Part I—The memorial prayer and the two offering prayers. Part II—the Memento for us sinners, the Memento of nature, and finally Part III—The Little Elevation.

The Sacrificial Banquet begins with the Pater Noster, proceeds to the Agnus Dei, the breaking and the mingling of the Sacred Elements, the Kiss of Peace (in solemn Mass only) and the preparatory prayers. This leads to the meal with the Communion chant, and once again we reach an anticlimax at the end of the Communion rite, with the prayers of ablution, and the Post Communion. Mass is concluded with the dismissal, blessing and reading of the Last Gospel. This then is the Roman rite, in use almost universally in the Western church, at least as far as the laity is concerned.

But you say, "That is all very well—what I want to know is—just how all these various rites came to be used, and what is their historical and liturgical significance." Here is a well posed question and to answer it, we shall have to go back to the beginning and take each rite separately, note when

\* Our collection today is the equivalent of this offering. The practical western mind substituted coins for the customary offerings, and had the congregation to remain in its place in the church while collectors received the offerings.

it first came to be used, see whether it stands in its original position, and from what we can discover, try and understand how great was the concern of the Church over the centuries in her wish to develop this most magnificent act of public worship. At the risk of being repetitious, we take up each rite, and see if we can come to an understanding of why each is a part of the Mass.

Today the first action of the Mass consists of the Prayers at the Foot of the Altar. These can be spoken of as a recent innovation, since they were prescribed by Pius V (1566-72) in his Missal. Before that time they were said by the priest privately, either in the Secretarium (sacristy) or as he made his way to the altar. In fact, the Roman missal still has a section of these prayers in it, many of which are to be used as time permits. They were then and they still are, private prayers, and Doctor Pius Parsch in his book *The Liturgy of the Mass* disapproves of the idea of the congregation saying these prayers with the priest, feeling that because they are private prayers, they should be prayed that way by both priest and people, the Mass actually beginning with the Introit.

#### *The Preparatory Prayers:*

These Consist of the sign of the cross and the antiphon 'Introibo ad altare Dei', then psalm 42, a blessing, and then the priest's Confiteor. The server asks God's mercy on the priest, and he in turn confesses his own shortcomings. The priest then pronounces the intercessory absolution; there is a short responsory with two short prayers, and the priest ascends to the altar. Now we have arrived at that point that was considered the beginning of the liturgy from the earliest days. That is,

#### *The Introit:*

Today the rite begins with the kissing of the altar, and the placing of incense in the censer (in solemn Masses only) the incensing of the altar and the reading the Introit prayers. Was it always thus? No indeed—for the Introit was the prayer chanted by the choir as the procession of ministers of the Mass entered into the station church, and continued until a sign was given by the celebrant. In fact, the choir even today starts to sing the Introit as soon as the priest appears in the sanctuary. In former days this was a lengthy psalm with a recurring antiphon, a truncated version of which is all that is left today. Some of them even do not seem to fit very well into the general prayer schema of the day's Mass. As for the incense, it was not used before the Ninth Century, and there is some



belief that this practice was brought over from the Gallican Rite, where there had been almost from the beginning, an incensing of persons and things. Since it is considered in some quarters that this rite is related to the Antiochan, an Eastern rite, the practice has a great antiquity.

Returning to the Introit, one author says "Like a fossil it is imbedded in the Mass, only a reminder now of that once dramatic celebration of the Mass, in which the people took such an active part. Hence we can best understand the meaning of the Introit, from the unabbreviated practice of the ancient church."

#### *The Kyrie:*

The nine-fold prayer of intercession contains much mystery, since there seems to be a difference of opinion as to how it came into the Mass. One school says that it is the remnant of the old 'Deacon's Litany' still found in the Eastern liturgies, while the other group says that it is a part of the stationary processional chant and quote a rubric from the Gregorian Antiphony to substantiate their claim. The first mention of the Kyrie is found in the Third canon of the Second Council of Vaison (529 A.D.) which makes it very ancient, and then the fact that it is in the Greek language, removes all doubt as to its antiquity. During the Middle Ages the chanted Kyrie by the choir was farced, that is, it contained tropes, a metrical composition that related the wonders of the Three Persons of the Trinity. Some of these can be found (their titles only) in the *Graduale*. These became so lengthy, however, that the church forbade any more farcing of the Kyrie.

#### *The Gloria:*

The composition of this great hymn is lost in the mists of the ages, and its appearance in the Roman Mass is rather abrupt. St. Athanasius seems to be the first witness of it, in the Fourth Century, and a complete text is found both in the Apostolic Constitutions, and in the Codex Alexandrinus. The Gloria came into the Mass in about the Sixth Century, when it was intoned only in the Midnight Mass of Christmas. Pope Symmachus (498-514), however, allowed it to be chanted on Sundays, and on the feasts of martyrs. The Gregorian Sacramentary reserved this rite for the Mass of bishops only, and the Roman titular priests were permitted to intone it on the day of their consecration, and in their titular churches, while the simple priest was allowed to intone it only at Easter. The Gloria

became farced also, running into extreme lengths according to the versatility of the celebrant, and this practice was expressly forbidden by the Pian Missal of 1570. There was, however, a constant agitation on the part of liturgical writers to have the Gloria made usable by all the clergy, and it was not until the Twelfth Century that it was made universal. It is now sung at all Masses of a joyful character, so that the Te Deum of the Matins, the Gloria and the Ite Missa Est of the Mass are always found together.

#### *The Collect:*

After the Gloria the priest kisses the altar, and salutes the people with "Dominus Vobiscum," to which the server answers "Et Cum Spiritu tuo." This greeting is very old, being found in the Old Testament. "The Dominus Vobiscum is a comforting proof to the friends of the liturgy, that the Church desires the active participation of the people in the liturgy." This greeting is a preface for the *Collect*, although this word is not found in the missal, the prayer being referred to as the Oratio. The Collect is not mentioned in the earliest liturgies from which we can assume that it was a Roman addition.

It seems that our Oratio was originally said in the *ecclesia collecta* (the meeting-church) where it was the prayer of the assembled congregation. Later still, the collect prayers like the prefaces were composed by the celebrant in which he gave vent to his feeling concerning the feast being celebrated. Later these disappeared and the remaining ones became fixed. The Roman Collects are gems of literary composition, terse and to the point. Each one in a very few words completely covers the special day for which it is said. The prayer ends with the Hebrew Amen, and so with the Dominus Vobiscum, Oremus, and Amen, priest and people are united by their prayer. The layman can tell the importance of the feast by the number of Collects.

#### *The Lessons:*

The service of prayer being over, the service of reading begins. These are the oldest part of this portion of the Mass, in that they are remnants of the old synagogue service. Generally there are two lessons, the Epistle and Gospel, but there are Masses with three and even seven readings. These Masses are very ancient. We have these lessons set for every day, something which the Greek church has not, since their readings are continuous.

The readings for the Sundays are mostly from the Letters of St. Paul, the week-day Masses, those for Lent and Ember days have lessons from the Old Testament. The Gospel, from the ceremonies that are attached to it, reveal to us that it is the most important of the two. In fact, we see that sometimes the Gospel completes the lesson of the Epistle, although this is not always the case and no amount of theorizing will make it so. Father Parsch says "The Lesson, Epistles, Gospel and sermon are in the truest sense, the Word of God; in them God actually speaks to us."

#### *The Interposed Chants:*

These chants are the Gradual, Tract, Alleluia, and Sequence. Of these the first three are the most ancient, while the Sequence was first of all a metrical elaboration of the last 'a' of the Alleluia. The Gradual takes its name from the fact that it was sung on the steps (gradus) of the ambo. It, with the Tract and Alleluia varies with the Season, and mirrors the mood of it in its composition. At one time they formed a very important part of the solemn liturgy, but now in their abbreviated forms do not receive the attention that their importance once merited.

At one time there was a great many Sequences in use. Since 1570 however, their number has been reduced to five.

#### *The Creed:*

This very old profession of Faith appeared very early in several liturgies, but it was not until 1014 that it became a part of the Roman rite. Pope Benedict VIII included it in the Mass at the instigation of Henry II of Germany. In the Eastern rites it is said after the Offertory and is only recited. In the west it officially closes the Mass of the Catechumens, and is always chanted (at High Mass of course).

*(To be continued.)*



## LITANY of the IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY

Immaculate Heart of Mary, pray for our dear country.

Immaculate Heart of Mary, sanctify our clergy.

Immaculate Heart of Mary, make our Catholics more fervent.

Immaculate Heart of Mary, guide and inspire those who govern us.

Immaculate Heart of Mary, cure the sick who confide in you.

Immaculate Heart of Mary, console the sorrowful who trust in you.

Immaculate Heart of Mary, help those who invoke your aid.

Immaculate Heart of Mary, deliver us from all dangers.

Immaculate Heart of Mary, help us to resist temptation.

Immaculate Heart of Mary, obtain for us all we lovingly ask of you.

Immaculate Heart of Mary, help those who are dear to us.

Immaculate Heart of Mary, bring back to the right road our erring brothers.

Immaculate Heart of Mary, give us back our ancient fervour.

Immaculate Heart of Mary, obtain for us pardon of our manifold sins and offences.

Immaculate Heart of Mary, bring all men to the feet of your Divine Child.

Immaculate Heart of Mary, obtain peace for the World.

#### Let Us Pray

O God of infinite goodness and mercy, fill our heart with a great confidence in your Most Holy Mother, whom we invoke under the title of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, and grant us by Her most powerful intercession all the graces, spiritual and temporal, which we need. Through Christ Our Lord. Amen.

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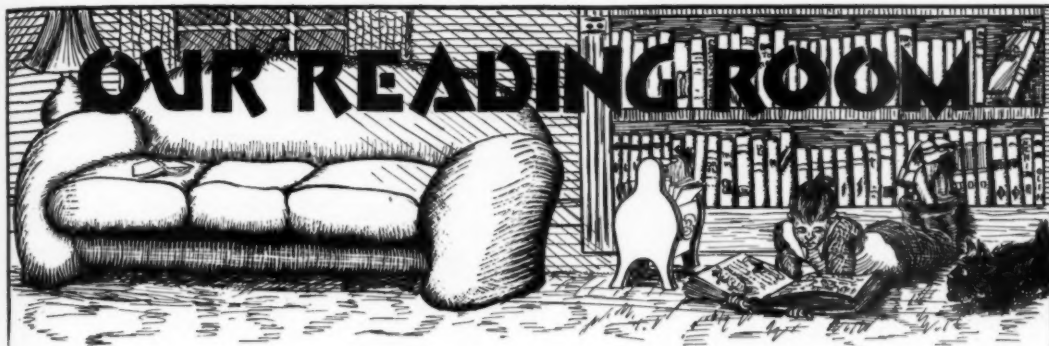
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### SECRET OF THE BOOK SHOP

By Frances Young

Catechetical Guild (50¢)

**A** MYSTERY story for boys and girls. Thoroughly Catholic in tone. It might offer some competition to Superman. The children should be able to enjoy it and derive some inspiration from it. There is a pleasant passage regarding the picking of flowers and the decorating of the altar. (Book size: Paper bound.)

### SONG OUT OF SORROW

By Felix Doherty

Bruce Humphries, Inc. \$1.50.

**T**HIS is a play on Francis Thompson. A nice little book, well bound and excellently printed.

You'll enjoy this if you love Francis Thompson. Who could help that being acquainted with his "*Ex Ore Infantium*" and "*Hound of Heaven*"? Surely the world is better for these having been written. They somehow lift the soul and give one courage to take that next step. As a play, it undoubtedly has merit.

The setting of the play is in the home of a street walker in the sordid part of London. The gal's name is Flossie. And Flossie is the play. Bill is her paramour of, seemingly, some months' standing. Flossie picks Thompson up on the streets and brings him to her apartment for shelter. There's the doctor, whom Thompson knew in medical school. Thompson takes laudanum consistently; excessively. The bewilderment of Flossie and Bill at Thompson's being a poet is delightful. The poig-

nancy of the play is relieved when Meynell appears and promises to publish Thompson's work; the futility when Thompson agrees to go away for the cure of his doping. Curtain.

### THE REIGN OF JESUS THROUGH MARY

By The Montfort Fathers

Montfort Fathers \$1.00.

**T**HE idea of the book is, of course, complete union with the Virgin Mary. It is divided into three parts: 1) Doctrine of the Holy Slavery (Secret of Mary); 2) Application of the Holy Slavery: spiritual exercises of the interior and exterior life; 3) Spiritual Exercises And Prayers.

This edition should prove helpful to all lovers of the Virgin Mary and her Divine Son.

### TALE OF THE TENTH LEPER

*Magnifico* by Joseph Stephens  
Chapman and Grimes Inc., 30  
Winchester Street, Boston, Mass.

Price \$2.50.

**CHAD**, the Samaritan, rode through the Selucian Gate of old Antioch at sunset, a runaway slave, mounted on a magnificent black stallion, gold in his pocket, danger behind him, adventure and freedom before him. How he won the heart of a lovely Sadducean maid who enkindled in his soul the first spark of faith in Jesus of Nazareth, and how the Christ healed him of his deadly leprosy together with nine other

wretches is skillfully told in this tale of the tenth leper.

In the opening chapters the personality of the Messiah is faintly foreshadowed, and then appears brilliantly before the reader in the climax of the novel. The tale is presented in vividly picturesque English; never, after reading this unusual story set in the Holy Land during the public life of Christ will the simple account of the ten lepers of the gospel appear commonplace.

Curiously enough, the author reveals a strange fancy for the use of Latin expressions; they crop out in the most unexpected places in the narrative to the puzzlement of the startled reader. In a book written obviously for the general public this little mannerism is annoying.

Without seeming to preach, this novel depicts Chad, the Samaritan, as a man filled with chivalrous reverence for childhood and womanhood, a virtue and trait of character that our generation sorely needs to admire and imitate.

Because it is such a convincing story of masculine chastity and respect for womankind this book should be placed in the hands of teen-agers; for your soldier or sailor it is a *must* book; for it is a symbol of the true Christian spirit told in terms of courage, of tenderness and of love. This tug-at-the-heart tale of the gifted author whets our appetite for more stories with such wholesome outdoor freshness and vivid background of the bible.

W. S.

## UP FRONT WITH DOGFACE JOE AND WILLIE

*Up Front* cartoons and text by Bill Maudlin, 228 pages; 161 cartoons; Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$3.00.

**T**HIS July Book-of-the-Month selection will change all your ideas about the front-line soldier. This is a book written by a combat soldier with a good record who has cartooned his way into the hearts of front-line infantrymen with his tough corrosive humor. His brilliant, honest, and often sardonic gift has made him this war's best-loved cartoonist. And now he has produced a thirty-thousand word text, to serve, as he explains, as a background for his drawings.

Bill Maudlin is grateful to his friends among the "Brass Hats" and the army who "encouraged him to draw pictures of an army full of blunders and efficiency, irritations and comradeship. But most of all, full of men who are able to fight a ruthless war against a ruthless foe and still grin at themselves."

Maudlin's pictures which are now syndicated in over a hundred United States Newspapers as well as in "Army Times," "Stars and Stripes" and other army papers abroad glorify two unglamorous, unshaven infantrymen, known and loved by their admirers as Willie and Joe. Into the whiskered tired faces of these two men Maudlin has put all the weariness, loneliness and woe-fulness of the front-line foot soldier shunted by time and distance from all that he loves and cares about.

Of his two characters, Willie and Joe, Maudlin, their fond creator, says by way of apology and explanation: "Willie and Joe aren't at all clever. They aren't even good cartoon characters, because they have similar features which are distinguishable only by their different noses. Willie has a big nose and Joe has a little one . . . Joe and Willie don't look much like the cream of young American manhood which was sent overseas in the infantry . . . While they are no compliment to young American manhood's good looks, their expressions are those of infantry soldiers who have been

in the war for a couple of years. Look at an infantryman's eyes and you can tell how much war he has seen . . . If he is looking very weary and resigned to the fact that he is probably going to die before it is over, and if he has a deep, almost hopeless desire to go home and forget it all; if he looks with dull uncomprehending eyes at the fresh-faced kid who is talking about the joys of battle, then he comes from the same infantry as Willie and Joe."

If you want to know what the European war looked like, sounded like, felt like, tasted and smelled like to the unshaven and wretchedly homesick men who fought in the infantry let Maudlin tell you in words and pictures.

Maudlin's humor is incisive, sharp and sometimes bitter; for he is not just a great cartoonist; he has graphically recorded in word and picture the history of this European war from the viewpoint of the front-line soldier. If his language or the language of Willie and Joe is sometimes rough and vulgar, it is never obscene or double-meaning; his cartoons are wholesomely free of sexual suggestiveness and ripe with the trenchant humor of an honest young man.

If Maudlin seems to take delight in making frequent passes at the officers it is not from a sense of insubordination; the Americans are a civilian army not a professional one like the Germans, and orders come hard for them; then Bill has a deep admiration for the officers who forget to be stuffy and know how to be human when they want the men to do something.

In the characters of Willie and Joe the favorite "gripes" of the front-line soldiers are passed in review; lousy accommodations, K rations, liquor, the absence of it, stuffy officers, American civilian ads, rear echelon goldbrickers, and Italian civilians; if it is true that you do not really understand a man at all until you have listened to his "gripes" then you do not know the battle-weary American infantryman until you have met and enjoyed Maudlin's dogface pals, Willie and Joe.

W. S.

## PAMPHLETS

### GEMS FROM THE LITURGY FOR THE FEASTS OF OUR LORD

Rev. Lawrence G. Lovasik, S.V.D.

Eighty-seven pages of extracts from Lessons, Orations, and Hymns of the Church's Liturgical offices. This constitutes Part One, i.e., the season from Advent to Pentecost. Price 15¢ (Order from Benedictine Convent of Perpetual Adoration, Clyde, Missouri.)

### NOVENA TO THE MERCY OF GOD (for private use)

A manual of prayers arranged for nine days. In the manual is a complete explanation of the picture of Our Lord of Mercy and the revelation made to Sister Faustina. Price 10¢ (Order from Marian Fathers, Eden Hill, Stockbridge, Mass.)

### Halt—Father Rumble and Carty Radio Reply Press (10¢)

Religious vocations of girls. Well written; and matter pleasingly presented.

### Emergency Baptism—Rev. Joseph B. McAllister, S.S. Bruce (40¢)

Neatly bound in paper and well printed. This pamphlet undoubtedly fills a long felt need. It is an authoritative and complete discussion and explanation of Baptism administered under, for the average individual, unusual circumstances. As the author says: Especially for Nurses, Physicians, and Clerics.

### The Formation of A Lay Apostolate—Francis N. Wendell, O.P.

Third Order of St. Dominic, 130 E. 66th St. N. Y. 21.

This is a splendidly written treatise on the work of the laity in the Church: importance, need, difficulties, etc.

### Christmas A\*B\*C—Rev. Louis A. Gales

Catechetical Guild (15¢)

A Lovely thing. A profusely illustrated story of Christmas in brilliant colors and verse. Each scene begins with a letter of the alphabet. A-for angels. B-for Bethlehem. C-for Clib. Catch on? The kiddies, especially pre-school age will be thrilled to death about it.



# THE QUESTION BOX

Walter Sullivan, O.S.B.

## Extreme Unction and Remission of sin.

*I've been told that Extreme Unction removes only venial sins. Is this true? I always thought that when the senses were anointed whether one was conscious or not, all mortal sins were removed.*—Iowa

First of all, it is not true that Extreme Unction removes only venial sins from the soul of the dying Catholic; but it is well to remember that the sacrament of Extreme Unction was not instituted as a substitute for the Sacrament of Penance. Whenever the dying person can do so he should try to make a good confession before receiving Extreme Unction. The first purpose of the Sacrament of Extreme Unction is to cushion the shock of death for

the dying Catholic, and to prepare the soul for the immediate vision of God in the Church Triumphant. This sacrament also has secondary results in the soul and body of the Catholic; when it is received with true contrition and sorrow for sin this sacrament removes mortal sin from the soul of the dying man even when the dying person is not able to make a confession.

## Plenary Indulgence and Mortal Sin.

*If someone commits a mortal sin and then receives a plenary indulgence will he go directly to heaven?*—Illinois.

Ordinarily this is not the most direct route to heaven. For plenary indulgences can no more remit the eternal punishment due to mortal

sin than a coca cola bottle can hold all the water of the Pacific Ocean. Indulgences cannot remit the guilt of sin, but only the temporal punishment due to sin after the sin has been forgiven in a good confession or by an act of contrition.

## Young People and Clean Fun.

*Why is it that priests do not like to see young boys talking to young girls? Both get innocent pleasure from this.*—Illinois.

I think that you have priests wrong. As a class I have found them rather anxious for the right kind of young people to meet one another and have clean fun together. There are cranks, however, in every walk of life.

## The Secret of Mary—The Montfort Fathers

English and Italian Copies (15¢)

Devotion to the Virgin Mary in the light of the teaching of Blessed Louis Grignon De Montfort. Excellent pious reading and prayers.

## Bring Your Rosary to Life—Rev.

Paul Milde, O.S.B.  
Catechetical Guild (15¢)

Helpful to anyone finding the Rosary tedious or a prayer said with distractions. Each mystery of the Rosary is taken separately, pictured and explained.

## A Month of Devotions to Mary—

E. F. Garesche, S.J.  
Queen's Work 10¢

Contains a special prayer to our Blessed Mother for each of the thirty-one days in May—for vocations.

## A Little Life of Our Lady—Verses

by Sister Mary Aurea, B.V.M.;  
Illustrations by Mary Zimmer.  
Catechetical Guild (15¢)

Obviously for small children. Could be useful for a mother reading to and instructing her children of a tender age.

## Blessings in Illness—Rev. D. F. Miller, C.Ss.R.

Catechetical Guild (25¢)

This booklet was intended, no doubt, not for the sick person, himself, but for those who have to deal with the sick. It offers some excellent ideas and instructions.

## Seventh Day Adventists—Fathers

Rumble and Carty.  
Radio Reply Press (10¢)

Question and answer pamphlet regarding Sunday as the Lord's Day. Very brief.

## To Be A Priest—Rev. Dr. Leslie Rumble, M.S.C., convert from Anglicanism.

Radio Reply Press (10¢)

Pamphlet on vocation to the Priesthood. Extremely well written: concise and complete. Includes a list of Religious Order for Men.

## The Truth About Catholics

Catholic Literature Society, 2432 So. Longwood Ave. Los Angeles 2¢ Pamphlet. Extremely short. Informative on matters of the Faith. Very small print.

## Anti-Semitism—Rev. Arthur J. Riley, Ph.D.

Radio Reply Press (15¢)  
History of Anti-Semitism prior to 1500.

## Jewish Problems—David Goldstein, LL.D., A Christian Israelite.

Radio Reply Press (15¢)  
Pamphlet. Inexpensive. 43 pages. Matters of the Jewish controversy discussed by David Goldstein from Sholem Asch to Refuge Problem and Federation of Arab States.

## Six Pre-Marriage Instructions for Catholics and Non-Catholics.

Fathers Rumble and Carty.  
Radio Reply Press (10¢)

Valuable to Priest giving pre-nuptial instructions on matters of the faith; also to non-Catholic taking such instructions. Excellent.

# GIVE *and* TAKE



FIVE DOLLARS will be paid for each letter of comment on articles appearing in THE GRAIL that is published. Whether in agreement or disagreement, set down your thoughts after reading "Between the Lines," "The Child's Allowance," "Filth in Words," "A Century of Co-ops," or any other article in this issue. Develop your own ideas and mail your letter to "Give and Take," THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Indiana. Each letter must be correctly signed.

## EDITOR'S NOTE

The following letter was inspired by the birth of twins to *Mary Lani-gan Healy*, one of THE GRAIL'S most regular contributors. The event was heralded in the December 1944 GRAIL, "I Am Going to Have a Baby."

## CONGRATULATIONS

To a California Mother:

Perhaps it was coincidence, I do not know. But I do know that the morning was bright with the first sunshine in weeks and it was the day I had planned to rearrange the attic. There in a dusty corner was a table cluttered high with books, friends of earlier days. My eye caught the tattered blue of a cherished scrap-book and for a moment I was back in school leafing through old magazines culling from each the most beautiful gems of thought that could be found, much as a gardener would clip a special bud here and there for a perfect bouquet. The hours of joy

I had spent in gathering my literary bouquet!

I pulled the old easy chair to the sunny window and in a second was lost in reverie. Among the most beautiful of all my selections, I lingered over this one longest:

*"I do not know of a better shrine before which a father or mother may stand than that of a sleeping child. I do not know of a holier place, a temple where one is more likely to come into closer touch with all that is infinitely good, where one may come nearer to seeing and feeling God. From that shrine come matins of love and laughter, of trust and cheer to bless the new day; and before that shrine should fall our soft vespers, our grateful benedictions for the night. At the cot of a sleeping babe a'l man-made ranks and inequalities are ironed out, and all mankind kneels reverently before the living image of the Creator. To understand a child, to go back and*

*grow up sympathetically with it, to hold its love and confidences, to be accepted by it, without fear or restraint, as a companion and playmate, is just about the greatest good fortune that can come to any man or woman in this world."*

Perhaps it was because I knew so well the truth and beauty of the unknown quotation. Even in the care-free days of youth the poignancy of this bit found a place in my heart. Now, having experienced this wonder, this miracle of co-creation ten different times, these words held an even deeper meaning.

Was it then coincidence that the mail man brought us the news that caused such a commotion in the Green House? You see though there are ten growing Greenies here (Washington, D. C.), there have been no twins to brag about. Now, our good friends, the Healys (Los Angeles, Calif.), who had six darlin's already—including a pair o' twins, had been doubly blessed again —TWINS no less! !

Martin and Matthew—God love you both! ! Welcome to this wonderful world. You have brought a bit o' Heaven with you, and two more angels to watch the Healy Household. This world is a happier place because of your baby love and, God so willing, may you grow to glorious manhood!

When our ten gathered 'round to hear the news there was such "hurrahing" as hasn't been heard since Jane Frances joined the Green Gang three years ago. Right now, I guess we are "green" in more ways than one—green with envy that is, since the daily prayer here is for twin boys to balance the line-up, so to speak!

Is it any wonder, then, Dad and Mother Healy, that I secretly climbed the attic stairs to read again this eloquent tribute of childhood while in my mind's eye I could see the two of you enraptured before these latest miracles. You lucky people!

Dolores Green

# BROTHER MEINRAD HELPS

Enclosed find donation and please publish my thanksgiving to Brother Meinrad.  
A. O. B. (Ind.)

I prayed to Brother Meinrad that my sister would receive a letter from her son from whom she had not heard for a long time. I promised publication if my prayers would be heard. On the third day a letter came. Please publish my thanks.  
Mrs. J. R. B. (Ind.)

Find enclosed \$1.00 as a donation I promised in honor of Brother Meinrad and Mary Rose Ferron if I received a certain favor. The favor was granted and I am very thankful.  
Mrs. V. J. (Ind.)

I enclose a dollar as an offering in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. As a result of a paralytic stroke my left side had become completely helpless. I petitioned the Sacred Heart, wore the Sacred Heart badge and promised publication if the favor of walking again were granted to me. Thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus I am able to walk using a cane as a balance.  
Mrs. J.F.McI. (Calif.)

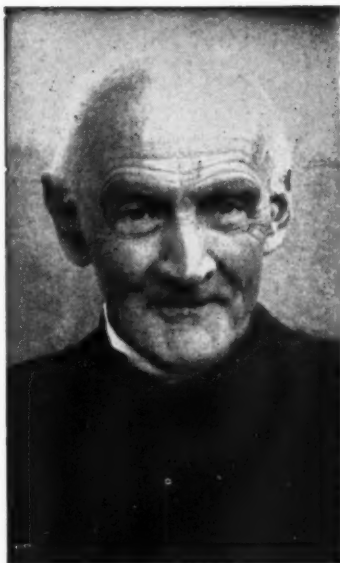
I am enclosing herewith five dollars in thanksgiving for many favors received from Brother Meinrad. ...I have never been disappointed. Through his powerful intercession all of my prayers have been answered.  
M.M. (Okla.)

Enclosed is one dollar for a Mass in honor of Brother Meinrad for a special favor granted. A client of Brother Meinrad.  
(Ind.)

Here is a little offering for a favor received through Brother Meinrad. My sister had to have a Caesarian operation. The baby did not live, but my sister was spared and is now getting along fine. Mrs. G. C. (Pa.)

I promised to have a Mass offered in honor of Brother Meinrad if the girl my son wished to marry would become a Catholic. Thanks to God and Brother Meinrad! She was baptized three days before their marriage.  
A mother (Texas)

Enclosed find a check for five dollars—a "thank you" in honor of Brother Meinrad for a temporal favor.  
Mrs. A. H. (Ky.)



The Servant of God, Brother Meinrad Eugster, O.S.B., was a member of Maria Einsiedeln Abbey in Switzerland. There he died in 1925 highly respected by his confreres for his virtuous life. His cause for beatification has been introduced at Rome, and THE GRAIL is the chosen organ for bringing his cause to the knowledge of American Catholics. A picture of Brother Meinrad and a prayer for his canonization may be procured by sending a stamped and self-addressed envelope to the Rev. Jerome Palmer, O.S.B., St. Meinrad, Indiana.

## MONTHLY NOVENA

15th to 23rd

All who wish their petitions or intentions prayed for, please send them into THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Indiana before the 15th of the month. A Novena of Masses will be offered each month for the glorification and canonization of Brother Meinrad and for all the intentions sent in.

In order to make Brother Meinrad better known a booklet of stamps to be used on envelopes and packages can be obtained for ten cents from THE GRAIL, ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA.

Please offer a High Mass for the glorification of Brother Meinrad to thank him for saving our house during the flood. The water came up to the floor and then stopped.  
W. G. Z. (Ind.)

Please publish my thanks. I asked for help in solving a problem and within a week the solution was worked out. I am especially grateful because I feel I deserve so little after having fallen away from the Church until a couple of months ago.  
B. H. (Minn.)

Enclosed is an offering of five dollars in thanksgiving for the favor I received through the intercession of Brother Meinrad—the safe return of my husband from the Army. Thanks to Brother Meinrad he was discharged. I promised publication also.  
Mrs. M. B. (Mich.)

I prayed to Brother Meinrad for a favor which was granted to me. I am enclosing three dollars. Many thanks to Brother Meinrad and the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. A. P. (La.)

My mother had a terrible headache one day. I promised Brother Meinrad I would have a Mass said in his honor if she would gradually lose it. The next day her headache was gone. Thanks to Brother Meinrad. He has helped me in a million ways. Please publish this. I promised it to him.  
M. S. (Ind.)

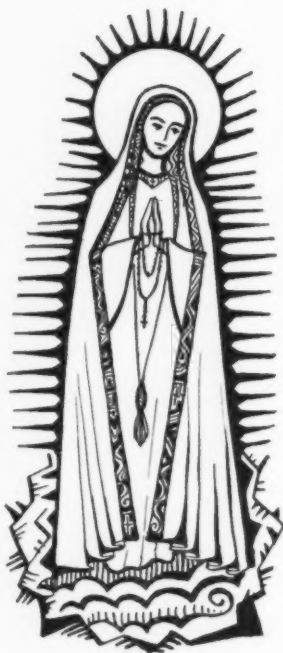
I wish to take this means of thanking publicly the many favors Little Rose has granted me, through her intercession and I am very grateful for the cure of insomnia, from which I had suffered for years, which came about through the prayers of Little Rose. I hope that others will turn to her and get to know how wonderful she is to those who ask her help.  
Mrs. F.W., (Minnesota)

I wish to acknowledge several very special and almost miraculous favors received through the intercession of Little Rose. Mrs. S.J.D. (California)

I promised Brother Meinrad that if a certain favor was granted I would have it published. Thanks to him it seems to have been granted almost immediately. E. M. K. (Ohio)

# ***Immaculate Heart of Mary***

**(Our Lady of Fatima and the Rosary)**



**AUGUST  
14th  
to  
22nd**

*A Novena of Masses in honor of the Immaculate Heart of Mary will be offered in the Abbey Church beginning on August 14th, the Vigil of the Assumption, and ending on August 22nd, the newly appointed Feast of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, which will be celebrated for the first time this year.*

*This Novena of Masses is being offered for the conversion of sinners, reparation to God for the sins of the world, especially for the conversion of Russia, and for all the intentions and names sent in for the Novena. List your intentions on a sheet of paper and mail to THE GRAIL Office, St. Meinrad, Indiana. A copy of the Litany of the Immaculate Heart of Mary will be sent to you with the story of the appearances of the Blessed Mother at Fatima in Portugal.*

*For those who wish to take a more active part in this Novena, we suggest one or more of the following:*

**Daily attendance at Holy Mass and the reception of Holy Communion.**

**Daily recitation of the Rosary for the Novena intentions.**

**Daily recitation of the Litany of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.**

***Send intentions to***

***The Grail Office***

***St. Meinrad, Indiana***



